

75 CENTS

JANUARY 13, 1975

TIME



Dr. John Laragh

HYPERTENSION
Conquering the Quiet Killer

Introducing the 1975 Celica GT.

2.2 liter, 4-seater, 5-speeder.

The Celica GT is about the hottest Toyota around.

It's got a new 2.2 liter hemi-head engine with a transistorized ignition system to increase spark efficiency. And a 5-speed transmission that's easy on gas and on the engine because fifth gear is an overdrive.

There's also a Celica ST with the same new engine coupled with a 4-speed synchromesh or, if you like, an

optional 3-speed automatic transmission.

Both Celica GT and ST come loaded with standard equipment (of course). AM/FM stereo radio. Power front disc brakes. Radial tires. Styled steel wheels. Rear window defogger. Wall-to-wall carpeting.

Celica. For people who want a great looking car. But don't want to spend their lives paying for it.



Standard equipment includes 8,000 rpm tach, an electric clock, a resettable trip odometer and an AM/FM stereo radio.



Reclining Hi-back front bucket seats. In the GT (shown here) upholstery is knitted vinyl. In the ST, it's plush fabric.



5-speed overdrive in the GT. With the ST, 4-speed is standard, automatic is available.

Small car specialists for over 40 years.

TOYOTA

See how much car your money can buy.



Anybody who buys stock today
would have to be crazy.
Or know a bargain when he sees one.

The Dow Jones is lower than it's been in years.

The economy is in a state of flux.

And here we're telling you that it's the best time in years to pick up a bargain in the Market.

Admittedly, it sounds a bit strange.

But it's true.

Right now, the Market has some of the best values to come

along in over 20 years.

Many stocks, for example, are now selling at their highest yields in more than a decade—7, 8, 10, even 12%.

Today, the average stock is priced about 70% below what it was in 1968, yet corporations are earning 50% more than they did then.

And the yields on high-grade corporate bonds run as high as

11%. That's higher than they've been in over 100 years.

All in all, the Market offers better buys today than any of us may ever see again.

We think there's never been a better time to see your broker. Have him tell you where the good buys are in the Market.

With the bargains around today, you'd be crazy to pass them up.

The Market.

Today, there's no better place to pick up a bargain.



JAROFF, STOLER & BERGERUD

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Articles in TIME's Medicine section often alert readers to unsuspected ailments or direct them to cures. This week's cover story on hypertension will almost certainly have similar results. Twenty-three million Americans fall victim to this quiet, almost symptomless epidemic, but only about 3 million are getting proper treatment. An unnecessarily lethal disease, hypertension "makes a major contribution to the leading causes of death in America—heart disease and stroke," says Associate Editor Peter Stoler, "but it's being conquered. There's no question that if you get treatment you can live a lot longer." For the story, Stoler and Reporter-Researcher Jean Bergerud, a veteran of 22 years in the Medicine section, interviewed pioneer blood-pressure researcher Dr. John Laragh, our cover subject, and pored over such weighty medical tomes as Laragh's 900-page *Hypertension Manual*. Notes Senior Editor Leon Jaroff, who edited the story: "Hypertension sounds like a disease of nervous, high-strung individuals. Many people are embarrassed to admit that they have it. We'd like to clear away some of the misconceptions."

Watergate has been one of the most demanding stories TIME has ever reported. For over two years, TIME's Washington correspondents covered, and helped to unravel, the conspiracy. In critical phases—the Saturday Night Massacre, the impeachment hearings and Nixon's resignation—all 21 men and women in the bureau worked together to cover events and reaction. Leisurely weekends became a vague memory for those assigned to the story full time, since key newsbreaks so often came on Saturday nights and Sunday mornings, when sources were least accessible. Looking back from the perspective of last week's verdict, Correspondent Hays Gorey summed up the bureau's mood: "None of us would have given up the chance to take part in history the way we did." Senior Writer Ed Magnuson, who wrote this week's Watergate article, has turned out 21 cover stories on the conspiracy. Said he: "This story has been both arduous and satisfying for a journalist. But it yields no joy. High officials who used lawless means to manipulate the public they were supposed to serve have been stopped. But it was too close a call."

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Covers: Dr. Laragh with diagnostic equipment.
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The man who brought Civilisation to America now brings terror, madness and ecstasy.



Goya, Saturn Devouring His Children—Reproduced with permission of Prado, Madrid (photo Mazon).

Lord Kenneth Clark, whose clear, witty narration refreshed American television audiences in *Civilisation*, is about to refresh you again.

You can watch him in his newest weekly television series, *The Romantic Rebellion*, the first episode of which will be the PBS Special of the Week on January 13.

It's about a group of painters—Goya, Ingres, Delacroix, Degas, David, Piranesi, Fuseli, Blake, Gericault, Turner, Constable and one sculptor, Rodin—whose temperaments were among the most colorful, original—and occasionally bizarre—in the history of Art.

And it's about the social and political forces that drove some of them to become romantic rebels:

Their burning desire to strip away the polite surface of classical art—as well as the polite facades that cloaked society—and expose what lay underneath: hypocrisy, social injustice, terror, madness, sexuality—even our capacity to experience divine ecstasy.

Along the way you'll also see the brilliant paintings and sculptures which make the statements these artists wanted to make.

The Romantic Rebellion. It's one introductory hour, and fourteen weekly half-hours that are a tribute to man's genius for self-expression, and Kenneth Clark's genius for clear, witty, refreshing enlightenment.

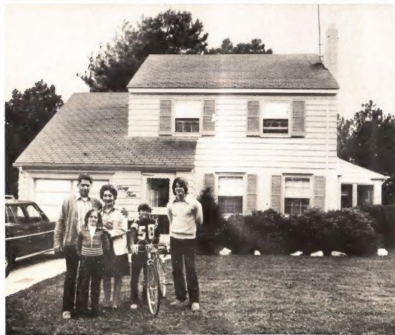
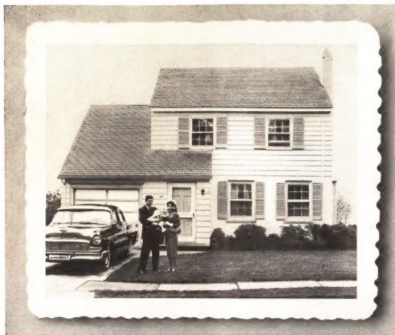
The Romantic Rebellion

A 15-Part Weekly series on Public TV starting Jan. 13.
Narrated by Lord Kenneth Clark. Starring Goya,
Degas, David, Delacroix, Turner, Rodin and others.

Made possible by a grant from
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Which house is covered by your present homeowners policy?

The one you bought or the one you own?



Chances are, it's somewhere in between.

Because over the years, it was easy to overlook the one thing that affects the value of a home more than all the money you put into it. Inflation.

Today, your house, like so many houses, is probably worth more than the insurance that covers it.

But if you're insured by The Travelers, we can help you offset the effects of an unpredictable economy.

Every year, we'll check your coverage against replacement costs in your area. If the price of raw materials and the cost of labor are higher than they were last year, we'll adjust your policy to reflect those changes.

This service is only one part of what may be the most comprehensive homeowners protection you can buy.

If you'd like to know more about it, see your own Travelers agent or check the Yellow Pages for one near you.

That way, if something happens to your house, you might have to rebuild or replace it at today's prices, but you won't have to do it with yesterday's coverage.



THE TRAVELERS

Maybe we can help.



TWO BOND ADVERSARIES ABOUT TO TAKE A NOVEL ESCAPE ROUTE IN *THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN*

CINEMA

Water Pistols

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN
Directed by GUY HAMILTON
Screenplay by RICHARD MAIBAUM
and TOM MANKIEWICZ

This is a James Bond caper and, as in the previous eight, there are plenty of fancy gadgets. Two are worthy of special note. One is a car that converts into an airplane (a bit of a bore; flying autos have already shown up in *Popular Mechanics*). The other, also a car, is less flashy. It merely moves in the air between the banks of a river and spins three times like a huge eggbeater before coming to rest, upright, on the far side. Now that is not as elaborate as the ability to take wing, but there is something elegant in the simplicity and unexpectedness of the spin.

The flying car, in fact, is much like what is wrong with *The Man with the Golden Gun* and what has been wrong with the whole Bond series for a while. Overtricky, uninspired, these exercises show the strain of stretching fantasy well past wit. The best Bonds, like the car that twirls, were sly without quite getting silly. The best Bonds also had Sean Connery, whose absence is sorely felt here. An actor of considerable resource, Connery played 007 with just the right combination of conviction and detachment. He also had a self-mocking aplomb that would be hard to duplicate. His Bond is definitive. Roger Moore, who first played 007 in *Live and Let Die* (1973), lacks all Connery's strengths and has several deep deficiencies. He has all the worldliness of a floorwalker, and looks as if his last adventure were spending two weeks in a Swiss clinic getting a face-lift.

For the record, *The Man with the Golden Gun* finds Bond chasing around Southeast Asia in pursuit of an assassin named Scaramanga who gets \$1 million per contract for the use of his gold weapon. There is the usual action (fights, pursuits, assassinations), the usual bantamweight grotesqueries. Scaramanga's evil henchman is a dwarf, and Scaramanga himself (Christopher Lee), an unusually unimpressive villain, would be a dead cinch to spot on a beach since he has three nipples. Nothing much happens to any of these characters that has not happened before, and better. Maud Ad-

ams and Britt Ekland do, however, make a couple of mildly decorative, active heroines in a series notably short on them (Diana Rigg, in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, being the sole other exception).

Although the final screen credits promise that Bond will return in *The Spy Who Loved Me*, it is time to retire him. He should be packed off to a sanitarium, where he can give his liver a rest and wait in leisure for his moment to come again. Right now, Bond has been around too long to be fresh, but not long enough to qualify as a genuine antique. **■ Joy Cocks**



MOORE & EKLAND IN THE CLINCH

Frozen North

THE ISLAND AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD
Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON
Screenplay by JOHN WHEDON

Along with slush, broken toys and bills, one of the lingering misfortunes of every holiday season is the annual Disney movie, which displays a dismayingly heavy life span. It will circulate for months, play the Saturday matinee route and eventually show up on television. The small screen, in fact, is probably more suitable for *The Island at the Top of the World*, where its dirigible would not look so much like a balloon left over from a parade, and its seething volcano would appear at least somewhat more menacing than an eruption on an adolescent's skin.

The Disney people were once able to pull off the occasional magical effect; if memory serves, there were quite a few in 1954's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. Now the tacit supposition at the studio seems to be that the tykes will not notice the shoddy effects, and probably will not care much if they do. But the careless craftsmanship scripps on the spectacle and destroys the romance of what might have been a pretty fair adventure. The story is a pastiche of lost-world yarns. It goes heavy on Jules Verne and throws in odd bits from H. Rider Haggard and James Hilton. Donald Sinden, currently on Broadway in the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of *London Assurance* (TIME, Dec. 30), shows up playing a curmudgeonly Brit-

ish explorer who goes on an elaborate search for his son. Junior has been missing for well over a year, so it may be assumed that Dad is ambivalent about his progeny. Since this is a Disney product, however, it is emphasized that Dad, while slow to act, is fierce once the decision is made. He undertakes the search with reassuring vigor and just the right dash of anxiety.

Since Junior was last seen slipping over a snow ridge somewhere in the frozen North, Dad joins forces with a just-plain-swell American (David Hartman) who specializes in Arctic studies. With an occasional hand from an eccentric French blimp captain, these two run Junior to ground—rather strange ground too. He has been lodged in a verdant valley that is nestled behind some icecaps and warmed, as Scientist Hartman conjectures, "by volcanic springs." Even more amazing, the folks who inhabit the valley are Vikings, descendants of the old explorers, who live, work and fight just as their forebears did. They also believe that the searchers are the vanguard of marauding hordes who will destroy their little kingdom. In this belief, as in their generally thorny temperament, the Vikings are encouraged by a high priest with eyes that glow golden when he is enraged. He figures the newcomers for infidels and will settle for nothing less than their bodies laid out on a burning funeral ship. Anyone can fill in the rest from there.

This all could have been jolly enough had anyone taken the trouble to believe in it, or at least make it look good. Along with everything else, though, the Arctic looks like a melted dessert, the Viking village like a low-rent neighborhood in Disneyland, and the Vikings themselves like Hell's Angels on Halloween. **■ J.C.**



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also starring Trevor Howard
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CINEMA

Wolf's Bane

STEPHENWOLF

Directed and Written by
FRED HAINES

Having been co-opted by street-corner mystics and turned into an advance man for the love generation, Hermann Hesse is much the worse for wear. The studiously mystical German novelist liked to ruminate about higher realities, exalted consciousness, spiritual quest—all topics that have become fashionable since his death in 1962.

In this film, made from his most popular novel, Hesse takes a fearful pummeling at the hands of one Fred Haines, who visited similar punishment on James Joyce in his screenplay for *Ulysses* (1967). The protagonist of *Steppenwolf*, the book's readers will recall, is Harry Haller, a writer enraptured with despair. He plans suicide, if only he can work himself up to it. He is also schizoid: he sees himself as both a bourgeois and a fierce maverick, a prowling, implacable wolf of the steppes. An encounter with a beautiful young woman of mystery, Hermine (Dominique Sanda), brings him the chance of reconciling the shards of his psyche.

Life Within. Hermine helps Harry find a pliable paramour and introduces him to the world of popular music and drugs. Harry listens to hot jazz (remember, this is 1927), snorts a little white powder and generally acts confused. Eventually Hermine and her jazz musician crony Pablo (Pierre Clementi) decide that Harry is prepared and usher him into their Magic Theater. As rendered by Director Haines, the experience is like being sealed inside a demonic color television set. The Magic Theater experiences convince Harry, in the words of the novel, to "see the ruins of my being as fragments of the divine." Lesser mortals would have just called the TV repairman.

The magnificent Max von Sydow plays Harry with more conviction than the movie can afford and more dignity than it allows. Even confronted with insights like "There is a life within—you have only to step out of your shadows to see it," Von Sydow bears up fearlessly and with something like grace. **■ J.C.**

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Impala Custom Coupe

OWNING A 1975 IMPALA CAN SAVE YOU UP TO \$521.

There have always been strong reasons to buy America's favorite car, and this year is no exception in that respect. But, because it is a special year, we'd like to mention two new reasons to buy a 1975 Impala right now. They have to do with economy.

Take advantage of gas and maintenance savings.

According to EPA City Mileage test results, a '75 Impala with our new Chevrolet Efficiency System, using unleaded fuel with a standard 350 V8 engine, got a 10% mileage improvement compared to a '74 model using leaded fuel without our Efficiency System.

In 50,000 miles—about four years' average use—this could amount to as much as 413 fewer gallons of gasoline.

And at 53¢ a gallon (allowing a 1¢ per gallon increase for unleaded fuel), this 413-gallon improvement would represent a savings of \$173. (Calcula-

tion could vary depending on prices of leaded and unleaded fuel in your area.)

Again, let's compare our '74 and '75 Impala models over a 50,000-mile period.

While parts and labor costs will vary throughout the country, we've used current list prices for parts and a figure of \$11 an hour for labor and found that a 1975 Impala using unleaded fuel could save you over \$348 in parts, lubricants and labor over the '74 model using leaded fuel if you follow the Owner's Manual for recommended service.

When you add fuel savings of \$173 to \$348 savings on maintenance, you could have \$521 working for you on a new Impala.

Take advantage of used car values while they're still high.

Your present car may be worth a lot more as a trade-in than you think. For example, if the average used car value of a two-year-old Impala in December 1973 (a '72 Impala Custom Coupe) is compared to the average

used car value of a two-year-old Impala just last December (a '73 model with comparable equipment)—the average increase in used car value amounts to \$319. For a 3-year-old Impala, the average increase is \$223. And, should you own a 1-year-old Impala, the average increase is \$526. (These averages are based on average auction prices in all three geographic zones, as published in *Automotive Market Report*, December 2, 1974.)

Now is the time to take advantage of these used car values while they are high. Find out how much your own car is worth as a trade-in at your Chevrolet dealer's, now.

Still the Great American Value.

For years, Impala has been America's favorite full-size car. That's because every year Chevrolet has tried to keep all the good things about Impala—things like room, ride and comfort—while continuing to make it a little better.

And this year, Impala's price is a favorite, too. Our Impala 4-door sedan boasts the lowest price of any popular full-size car, based on a recent comparison of Manufacturers' Suggested Retail Prices.

Now with today's economy: When you consider savings on operating expense, the advantage of high used car values, and Impala's price—the Chevrolet Impala truly does make sense for America. More sense now, in fact, than it ever has before.

**CHEVROLET
MAKES SENSE
FOR AMERICA**

Chevrolet



JOHN MITCHELL LEAVES COURT; H.R. HALDEMAN, DAUGHTER SUSAN & WIFE JO FACE MICROPHONES AFTER HIS CONVICTION

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Jan. 13, 1975

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TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

The Power of Just One Vote

One lesson Americans learn as schoolchildren is that every vote is precious. It is a lesson Americans also easily forget. Despite the striking evidence of how much each vote does indeed count—John F. Kennedy won the presidency by a margin of .2% of the votes cast in 1960, and Richard Nixon by .7% in 1968—tens of millions of Americans still stay away from the polls. An estimated 38% of the eligible voters cast ballots in the election last November.

Running in that election for one of New Hampshire's seats in the U.S. Senate, Republican Congressman Louis C. Wyman at first appeared to have defeated Democrat John A. Durkin by 542 votes out of 236,140 cast. A re-count requested by Durkin pronounced him the winner by ten, and he jokingly began calling himself "Landslide." Then Wyman asked for a review and that put him on top by two, making the vote the closest for the Senate since the 17th Amendment in 1913 established the popular election of candidates.

The situation remains as fluid as ever. Durkin has petitioned the U.S. Senate to review the contested ballots. Wyman has requested that the state's courts call a new election. What is more, Republican Governor Meldrim Thomson Jr. has asked the legislature to schedule an election on Feb. 18.

All of this confusion could have been avoided if more New Hampshire citizens, on one side or the other, had realized the value of their votes. Only 49% of the state's eligible voters bothered to go to the polls on Nov. 5.

Offers He Couldn't Refuse

With money tight and auto sales plunging, George Nouhan, a partner in a Chevrolet dealership in Hamtramck, Mich., began advertising that he would consider anything, anything at all, as a trade-in on a new car or truck. From around the country, inspired offers have been pouring into Hamtramck, a factory town encircled by the city of Detroit.

Nouhan has made deals with customers proffering jewelry, TV sets and freezers. When one man showed up with a 1947 single-engine, canvas-covered aircraft, Nouhan sportingly went along for a test ride, then accepted the plane as a trade-in for \$1,300. After the flight, Nouhan learned to his horror that the pilot had no license. The auto dealer even gave a Michigan farmer \$1,000 in trade for a menagerie, sight unseen, of sheep, cows and chickens.

Without his trade-for-anything pitch, Nouhan figures that December's sales would have plunged even more than the 30% drop below normal. Recently he took a flyer of a different sort and allowed \$4,000 for two leases on oil wells being drilled near Traverse City, Mich. A gusher, he points out, would ease a lot of the pain and frustration of trying to sell autos in the middle of Detroit in the middle of a recession.

Helping Hand

In 1970 Gerald Ford, then the Republican leader in the House of Representatives, waged a brief but bitter campaign to impeach Supreme Court Associate Justice William O. Douglas. Ford, whose views clashed with the lib-

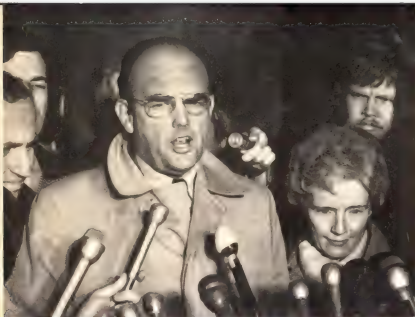
eral stands of Douglas, charged that the conduct of the Justice off the bench merited his dismissal. Last week, while vacationing in the Bahamas, Douglas, 76, suffered a stroke. The man who immediately arranged for a Government jet to fly Douglas' doctor to the Justice's side was the President. Later, Ford sent a plane to bring Douglas, his wife and the physician back to Washington. The President was kept closely informed about the condition of his old foe.

Without Foundation

When they created the Nixon Foundation in 1969, the trustees had grand plans for building a museum and library for the papers and mementos of the 37th President. The foundation's board included some of the most powerful figures in the country—men like John Mitchell, H.R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman and an influential lawyer named Herbert Kalmbach—to say nothing of Billy Graham and several distinguished businessmen.

As the Watergate scandal grew, the Nixon Foundation slipped into disarray. Now a majority of the 25 trustees have voted to dissolve the whole enterprise. The plan is to turn over to Whittier College, Nixon's alma mater, the little material that has been collected. Said Trustee Justin Dart, chairman of Dart Industries: "I don't know what the hell this country should do about a Nixon library and museum. But I have done all I want to do."

From his isolation at San Clemente, Calif., Richard Nixon let it be known that he had no objection to the demise of the foundation that was set up to perpetuate his memory.



JOHN EHRLICHMAN & WIFE JEANNE ANSWER PRESS QUESTIONS FOLLOWING VERDICT; ROBERT MARDIAN & WIFE DOROTHY LEAVE COURT

LEIF TAYLOR

THE NATION

WATERGATE

A Fateful Trial Closes a Sorry Chapter

A former Attorney General of the U.S.: guilty. One of his top assistants: guilty. A President's once powerful chief of staff: guilty. The same President's highest adviser on domestic affairs: guilty. In effect and in absentia, the disgraced and deposed President himself

By the time the results of the Watergate conspiracy trial interrupted the escapist football reveries of a scandal-weary public on New Year's Day, the essential details of the nation's worst siege of politically motivated criminality had long been distressingly familiar. Yet the soundly based judgment of a Washington federal jury carried a ring of authority and finality that seems certain to sound a warning into the future. The message from the jury of twelve citizens was clear: no matter how powerful their position, officials entrusted with shaping and enforcing the nation's laws cannot violate those laws without risking personal retribution.

Bad News. News of the impending verdict had galvanized defendants, attorneys and reporters waiting in Washington's U.S. Courthouse. Quickly they filled austere Court Room No. 2, in which Federal Judge John J. Sirica had presided over 61 days of legal argument, testimony and the playing of 34 tapes since the trial opened on Oct. 1. Sirica entered the room at 4:47 p.m. and called the jury foreman, John Hoffar, a pale, retired superintendent of park police. Did the jurors have a verdict? "Yes,

they have," Hoffar replied impassively.

Hoffar submitted a sealed manila envelope. Sirica directed Court Clerk James Capitanio to read its contents aloud. The reading was swift and spare. First the name of each defendant. Then the number of each count charged against each man in the indictment. After each count, the terse declaration "Guilty" or "Not guilty." For four of the five defendants, the news was devastatingly identical: guilty on all counts.

John Mitchell's face flushed. As Attorney General, he had been the highest law-enforcement official in Richard Nixon's stern law-and-order Administration; he had been the President's most intimate political adviser and head of the Nixon re-election committee. Now he stood convicted of conspiracy, obstruction of justice and three counts of lying to a grand jury and the Senate Watergate committee. Maximum possible prison term: 25 years.

H.R. (Bob) Haldeman's expression hardened. Once Nixon's bristly efficient Oval Office guardian and a superpatriot who had publicly equated the acts of Viet Nam War protesters with treason, Haldeman was also pronounced guilty of conspiracy, obstruction of justice and three charges of giving false testimony. Maximum sentence: 25 years.

John Ehrlichman expressed no emotion. The former director of the Domestic Council under Nixon, he was found guilty of conspiracy, obstruction of justice and two counts of lying. Pos-

sible maximum sentence: 20 years.

Robert Mardian's shoulders shook. He slumped into a chair, held his head in his hands and seemed to be sobbing. As chief of the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department under Mitchell, he had supervised some of the Nixon Administration's unsuccessful conspiracy cases against political dissidents (including the Camden 28 and the Philip Berrigan-Elizabeth McAlester prosecution). Now he was convicted of conspiracy. Maximum possible term: five years.

Tortuous Trail. The only good news was reserved for Kenneth Parkinson, a mild-mannered Washington attorney. Hired by the Nixon re-election committee to defend it against a civil suit brought by the Democratic National Committee, which had been burglarized at the Watergate, he was acquitted of the two charges against him: conspiracy and obstruction of justice. His eyes were moist with tears of relief as his attorney, Jacob Stein, slapped him on the back.

After Sirica thanked the jurors for their service and urged them to preserve the dignity of the judicial system by not disclosing what had transpired in their deliberations, Mitchell graciously reached over to seize Parkinson's hand and offer: "Congratulations." Although clearly shaken, Mitchell consoled his crestfallen attorney, William Hundley, whispering, "Don't take it too hard." From a second-row seat, Mardian's wife

THE NATION

Dorothy stuck out her tongue at both judge and jury and made a "razzberry" sound.

So ended a series of criminal investigations in which three determined special prosecutors—Archibald Cox, Leon Jaworski and Henry Ruth—had exposed a tortuous trail of official deceit at the highest levels of the Nixon Administration. The cover-up that came apart under the prosecutors' attack had been undertaken to conceal the origins of the electronic eavesdropping of the Democratic National Committee offices on June 17, 1972. Shredding evidence, buying the silence of hired burglars with promises of clemency and secret pay-

ments of cash, lying both publicly and under oath, abusing the FBI, CIA and Justice Department—all those tactics were involved. The aim was first to ensure the re-election of Nixon in 1972, later to keep him in power.

Ghostly Presence. Technically, Nixon was not on trial—he had, after all, been pardoned by Gerald Ford. But he had also been named a co-conspirator by the original Watergate grand jury. He had not been indicted only because Jaworski had held that impeachment rather than court prosecution was the legally sound way to deal with criminal activity by a sitting President. Too ill to testify, although subpoenaed by

Ehrlichman, Nixon remained a ghostly presence throughout the trial.

The former President's own words, trapped on the White House tapes that he had so secretly and self-destructively made and preserved, left no reasonable doubt, if any still lingered, that he had been the key figure in the cover-up conspiracy. He had ordered his aides to direct the CIA to block temporarily the FBI's investigation of bank checks that had helped finance the burglary. No fewer than ten times during the celebrated March 21, 1973, "cancer on the presidency" talk with John Dean, he had approved meeting Burglar E. Howard Hunt's demands for hush money. De-



RICHARD M. NIXON

A Gallery of the Guilty

In all, 26 former Nixon aides and agents have pleaded guilty or been convicted in the scandals known collectively as Watergate. The criminal acts involve the break-ins and bugging at Democratic national headquarters in Washington, the subsequent cover-up, various acts of sabotage against the Democrats in the 1972 presidential campaign, secret payments of hush money to the Watergate burglars, the burglary of the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, Richard Nixon's federal tax return claims and perjury in connection with the investigation into a possible connection between the settlement of antitrust suits against the International Telephone & Telegraph Co. and its pledges of money for the Republican National Convention. The former President, named an unindicted co-conspirator by the Watergate grand jury for his role in the cover-up, was pardoned by his successor Gerald Ford for all offenses that he may have committed during his 5½ years in office. Here is a listing of the men who have been found guilty and the offices they once held:

JOHN N. MITCHELL, 61, Attorney General, later head of Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign. Convicted of conspiracy, obstruction of justice and three counts of lying; awaiting sentencing.



HARRY ROBBINS HALDEMAN, 48, White House chief of staff. Convicted of conspiracy, obstruction of justice and three counts of perjury; awaiting sentencing.



JOHN D. EHRLICHMAN, 49, chief domestic affairs adviser. Convicted of conspiracy, obstruction of justice and two counts of perjury; awaiting sentencing. Also convicted of conspiracy in the Ellsberg break-in and two counts of perjury for lying about his awareness of a White House plan to get a psychological profile of Ellsberg; appealing a sentence of 20 months to five years.



ROBERT C. MARDIAN, 51, attorney for the Committee for the Re-Election of the President and once the chief of the Justice Department's internal security division. Convicted of conspiracy; awaiting sentencing.



JOHN W. DEAN III, 36, chief White House counsel and a major Watergate prosecution witness. Pleaded guilty to charges of conspiring to obstruct justice and to defraud the U.S. in the Watergate cover-up; now serving a one-to-four-year prison sentence.



CHARLES W. COLSON, 43, Nixon's special counsel. Pleaded guilty to obstruction of justice for devising a scheme to get and disseminate derogatory information about Pentagon Papers Defendant Daniel Ellsberg in 1971; serving a one-to-three-year sentence.



DWIGHT L. CHAPIN, 34, appointments secretary to Nixon. Convicted on two counts of perjury for false testimony to a federal grand jury about his discussion with Dirty Tricks Specialist Donald Segretti about distribution of fake campaign literature; appealing a sentence of ten to 30 months.



JEB STUART MAGRUDER, 40, deputy director of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. Pleaded guilty to conspiracy in the cover-up; now serving a ten-month-to-four-year sentence.



EGIL KROGH JR., 34, White House aide to Ehrlichman. Pleaded guilty to conspiracy in the Ellsberg break-in; has completed a six-month sentence.



HARRY S. DENT, 44, Nixon's special counsel and political adviser, who devised the 1970 "southern strategy." Pleaded guilty to working with an illegal fund-raising committee called "Operation Townhouse" that distributed money to 1970 congressional candidates; sentenced to one month's probation.



spite all previous denials, the tapes showed that Nixon had discussed clemency for Hunt with Charles W. Colson, his former aide, and had told John Mitchell to "stonewall" in talking to Watergate investigators.

At San Clemente after the verdict, Nixon had little to say. He authorized an aide to tell reporters that because the four convicted men planned appeals, it would be inappropriate for him to comment. The aide would concede only that Nixon was "deeply anguished that these men, who were among his closest aides, and their families have suffered so much, that their lives have been so tragically touched by Watergate."

Somewhat more talkative than their former boss were the two aides whom Nixon—even as he fired them in April 1973—had praised as "the finest public servants I have ever known." Said a solemn Haldeman after last week's verdict: "There's only one human being in the whole world who knows if I'm innocent or guilty. That person is me, and I know that legally and morally I'm totally and absolutely innocent."

Telltale Tapes. Ehrlichman also insisted on his innocence. He implied that Nixon had deceived him in some conversations about the cover-up. "The President was much better informed about what took place than some of us

were led to believe." To Ehrlichman, the "turning point" in the trial was Judge Sirica's decision that the proceedings could not be indefinitely postponed until Nixon was well enough to be questioned. He also protested the impact of pretrial publicity: "If there ever has been a political trial in this country, this is it." Later, on NBC television, Ehrlichman ruefully admitted: "As a matter of historical perspective, a bonfire of the tapes on the South Lawn of the White House wouldn't have been a bad idea."

But even without the telltale tapes, the Government's case against Mitchell, Haldeman and Ehrlichman was overwhelming. There simply were too many

RICHARD G. KLEINDIENST, 51, Attorney General. Pleaded guilty to refusing to testify fully during his confirmation hearings before the Senate Judiciary Committee in 1972, when he stated falsely that Nixon had never pressured him to soften the Government's antitrust drive against ITT; received a one-month suspended sentence.



ED REINECKE, 51, Lieutenant Governor of California. Convicted of lying during the Kleindienst confirmation hearings about the date on which he informed Mitchell of a \$400,000 offer from ITT to the Republican National Convention; received an 18-month suspended sentence.



HERBERT W. KALMBACH, 53, Nixon's personal attorney. Pleaded guilty to violating the Federal Corrupt Practices Act and to offering an ambassadorship in return for campaign contributions; serving a six-to-18-month sentence.



EDWARD L. MORGAN, 36, Assistant Treasury Secretary. Pleaded guilty to illegally backdating the deed giving Nixon's vice-presidential papers to the Government; sentenced to four months in prison and 20 months' probation.



JACK A. GLEASON, 38, White House aide. Pleaded guilty to violating the Federal Corrupt Practices Act by running Operation Townhouse; sentencing delayed.



FREDERICK C. LO RUE, 44, C.R.P. aide. Pleaded guilty to conspiracy in the cover-up; sentencing deferred while he cooperates with the Watergate prosecution.



HERBERT L. PORTER, 36, C.R.P. scheduling director. Pleaded guilty to lying to the FBI about the Watergate cover-up; released from prison after serving 30 days of a five-to-15-month sentence.



G. GORDON LIDDY, 44, counsel to C.R.P. Convicted of conspiracy, burglary and illegal wiretapping in the Watergate break-in; released pending appeal after serving 21 months of a sentence of up to 20 years. Also convicted of conspiracy in the Ellsberg burglary; sentenced to a one-to-three-year prison term to be served concurrently.



E. HOWARD HUNT, 56, White House consultant. Pleaded guilty to leading the Watergate break-in; released pending appeal after serving ten months of a 2½-to-eight-year sentence.



JAMES W. McCORD JR., 56, C.R.P. security coordinator. Convicted of conspiracy, burglary and wiretapping at Watergate; sentenced to one-to-five years in prison, now free on bond pending appeal.



BERNARD L. BARKER, 56, one of four Cuban refugees charged in the Watergate break-in. Pleaded guilty to burglary, conspiracy and illegal wiretapping and eavesdropping; released pending appeal after serving one year of a 2½-to-six-year sentence.



EUGENIO R. MARTINEZ, 51, another of the Watergate burglars. Pleaded guilty to burglary, conspiracy and illegal wiretapping and eavesdropping; released on parole after serving four months of a one-to-four-year sentence. Pleaded guilty to similar charges in the Ellsberg burglary; sentenced to three years' probation.



FRANK A. STURGIS, 49, another member of the burglary team. Convicted of burglary, conspiracy and violation of federal wiretapping laws; released pending appeal after serving one year of a one-to-four-year prison sentence.



VIRGILIO R. GONZALEZ, 47, another of the Watergate burglars. Pleaded guilty to burglary, conspiracy and illegal wiretapping and eavesdropping; released on parole after serving four months of a one-to-four-year sentence.



DONALD H. SEGRETTE, 33, political saboteur. Pleaded guilty to conspiracy and distributing phony campaign literature to damage Democrats in the 1972 presidential campaign; released after serving five months of a six-month sentence.



GEORGE A. HEARING, 40, Florida accountant who aided Segretti in his dirty-tricks operation. Pleaded guilty to one count of conspiracy; released after serving seven months of a one-year sentence.



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former lower-level members of the conspiracy, some already in prison, who testified effectively against their onetime superiors. The witnesses included Jeb Stuart Magruder, Fred LaRue, Herbert Kalmbach and, most important, John Dean, whose character was assailed by all of the defense lawyers but whose incriminating story was never shaken. Dean and Magruder were jointly attacked in defense summations as "self-confessed perjurers."

Mean Dean. The brilliant and aggressive chief prosecutor, James Neal, delivered a four-hour summation of the Government's complex case that may become a trial textbook classic. The Government, Neal declared, had no desire "to paint a halo" over its witnesses, but these men "have paid or are paying the penalty for their sins. They have nothing left to do but to tell the truth and start rebuilding their lives." Neal also asked the jury: "Isn't it strange that

warned: "John, you shouldn't do that, once the toothpaste is out of the tube, it is hard to get it back in." But on April 15 they learned that "Dean has decided to let it all hang out." Next day Dean was asked by Nixon to resign.

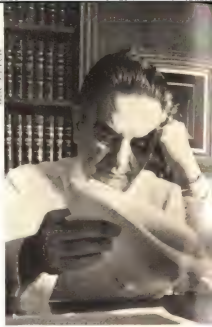
Continued Neal: "He was not asked to resign when he tells the President there has been perjury, subornation of perjury, offers of clemency and a half million dollars paid to buy silence on March 21, but three weeks later when he tells the President of the United States, Mr. President, I am telling prosecutors all, the next day he is asked for his resignation." Soon, according to Neal, everyone was saying, "John Dean did this, John Dean did that, John Dean made me do that, I was just acting on John Dean's instructions."

Jars of Jam. Neal was so effective that some spectators laughed in appreciation of his sallies, and defense attorneys objected during a jury recess to what they called the "aspect of French Revolution" in the courtroom. Neal's rhythm remained unbroken. He summed up: "But, of course, everybody is blaming John Dean. But Mitchell also blamed Colson. Ehrlichman blames the President. Mardian blames the White House. And Mr. Halde- man really can't recall enough to blame anybody."

One of the binding ingredients in the Government's case was the surreptitious passing of \$429,500 in cash by Nixon's men to the arrested burglars. The defense could never explain why the money was dropped in telephone booths, left in hotel lobbies and at airports so that donor and recipient never met face-to-face. Assistant Prosecutor Richard Ben-Veniste termed the cash "429,500 jars of jam" that the defendants could never remove from their fingers.

The prosecution's task in conspiracy cases is usually difficult. It must show that each defendant knowingly entered the conspiracy, even though there may never have been a precisely expressed agreement to do so. Then prosecutors must prove that one or more of the defendants committed at least one overt act in pursuit of the conspiracy's aims. Each act need not be a crime if taken alone. In this case, the grand jury had listed 45 overt acts to back up the 17 charges leveled against the five men. In the end, only the two counts against Parkinson were rejected by the trial jury.

After the jury of nine women and three men (eight of them black) began its deliberations, it quickly reached unanimity on Mitchell. "Everybody knew he was guilty," declared one juror, Mrs. Thelma L. Wells. There were diverse opinions about the four other defendants. But all the jurors soon agreed on the guilt of Haldeman, Ehrlichman and



JUDGE SIRICA IN HIS CHAMBERS
More evenhanded than expected.

Mardian. "It went along quite smoothly," said Mrs. Wells. "We didn't have to fight. To convince each one, we went back and heard the tapes and read the transcripts."

The most difficult job was determining the fate of Parkinson. All twelve jurors felt that he had not done anything to obstruct justice. But two thought that he had joined the conspiracy. Most of New Year's Day was spent resolving this dispute. Finally it was Parkinson's polite manner and wholesome appearance that proved to be persuasive. "We looked at Parkinson and wondered why he was there," said one juror. "He didn't carry the expression of a criminal on his face. He seemed to have done the least. He seemed not to want to get involved."

Juror Wells was most impressed by the prosecutors. "The Government did it beautifully," she said. "The witnesses, the tapes, Mr. Neal, the other prosecutors—all played a part." To another juror, Mrs. Ruth Gould, the testimony of John Dean was "impressive." Yet the jurors also felt some compassion for the convicted men. "I was sad for them," said Mrs. Wells. "I would have loved to see them all go home as I went home—free. Personally, I could have forgiven them and given them another chance. But the world wouldn't accept that. These people got into something they couldn't walk out of."

The jury was clearly impressed with the prosecution's strong and well-presented case. Among its specific charges against the major defendants:

MITCHELL. He sat through three meetings at which the illegal eavesdropping at the Democratic headquarters was discussed, and he approved the Watergate break-in at the final meeting. After the arrests at the Watergate, he authorized a false press release denying



PARKINSON & WIFE PAMELA AFTER ACQUITTAL
Emerging from a den of lions.

all the defendants in this case take the position that this whole massive cover-up was really concocted, planned, executed, carried out by the little privates in this army ... and they [the defendants] were not a part of it?"

Defiantly mocking the Nixon men's language, Neal was at his best in describing how Nixon, Ehrlichman, Haldeman and Mitchell all praised John Dean when the cover-up seemed to be working and then abruptly turned against him. Up until April 8, 1973, Neal declared, "it is good John Dean, good John Dean, fine John Dean. What a good job you done, John Dean ... Suddenly good John Dean becomes mean John Dean. What metamorphosis changes good John Dean into mean John Dean?"

Neal noted it was on April 8 that Dean began talking to prosecutors. When Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Nixon first heard about it, they thought, said Neal, that Dean was "going with a modified limited hang-out." So Haldeman

that Nixon's re-election committee had been involved. He suggested that Magruder burn some logs of intercepted telephone calls. He told Mardian to call Burglar G. Gordon Liddy and have him ask Richard Kleindienst, then the Attorney General, to help get the arrested men out of jail. When the restive burglars later began demanding money, Mitchell told Fred LaRue, his close friend and associate at the Nixon committee, to help arrange the payments. He asked Dean to seek Herbert Kalmbach's aid in raising such funds.

HALDEMAN: He controlled a secret White House fund of \$350,000 from which some of the hush payments were made. Despite his contention that he thought the money was paid only for legal fees and humanitarian purposes, the tapes showed that he was aware of the true purpose of the payments. At Nixon's direction, he told two top CIA officials to stop the FBI's investigation of checks that had passed through the Miami bank account of one of the burglars and could be traced to the Nixon com-

mittee. He helped Magruder get an appointment as director of policy planning in the Commerce Department even though he knew that Magruder had committed perjury before a Watergate grand jury.

EHRLICHMAN: He asked Dean to order Hunt out of the country before Hunt was arrested, suggested that Dean destroy electronic equipment found in Hunt's White House safe and was present when Dean told Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray that other politically sensitive papers from the safe "should not see the light of day." He approved the use of Kalmbach for raising hush money and told Kalmbach to blame all such activities on Dean. Despite his denials, Ehrlichman too was shown by the tapes to be well aware of what was going on with the payoffs. He suggested that Dean write a report exonerating everyone at the White House of complicity in Watergate—a report Nixon could use to shift the blame if the cover-up unfolded. Dean refused to write the report, so Ehrlichman produced one instead.

The case against Mardian was somewhat less solid, but he hurt himself seriously by his arrogant manner on the witness stand. He snapped repeatedly at Assistant Prosecutor Jill Wine Volner, who cross-examined him, and turned less hostile only when questioned by male lawyers. More important, Liddy told Mardian shortly after the break-in that it had been a Nixon re-election committee operation. Nevertheless, Mardian deceived Parkinson by denying any such committee connection. Mardian went along with the false theory that the burglary was a CIA project, and he asked Dean to seek covert CIA funds to provide bail money for the burglars. Mardian was also in a meeting at which Magruder rehearsed his false testimony.

The case against Parkinson looked as strong as that against Mardian. The Government claimed that Parkinson heard the true Watergate story from Magruder within a month of the break-in, then shredded his notes on that meeting when Mitchell and Mardian falsely insisted that Magruder was lying. The

It Goes Back to the Big Man

In a rare tribute to a victorious opponent, Attorney John J. Wilson called James Neal, the chief U.S. prosecutor in the Watergate conspiracy case, "the greatest lawyer I ever saw in a courtroom." Wilson's client, H.R. Haldeman, and three of the four other Watergate defendants were convicted at least in part because of Neal's awesome command of the facts in the case and his ability to summarize complex events in a persuasive Tennessee drawl. After his courtroom triumph, Neal, 45, was eager to return to his private practice: "I'm going to catch the first flight back to Nashville—I've got to think of taking care of my family." Before he departed, he was interviewed by TIME Correspondent Hays Gorey:

GOREY: Did Nixon authorize the Watergate bugging?

NEAL: No. The tapes show some surprise on Nixon's part when he was told of the break-in. For instance, on the

June 23, 1972 tape [Nixon asked Haldeman: "Who was the asshole that did it? Was it Liddy?"]

Q: Was Watergate something the Nixon men drifted into?
A: No. Watergate doesn't stand in isolation. There were a lot of other things going on of the same nature such as the Huston plan to use break-ins, wiretaps and other illegal means to spy within the U.S. and the Ellsberg break-in. Remember this: we had to show relevancy for every taped conversation that we obtained by subpoena. Were we so good that we got everything there was? Watergate goes back to the nature of the big man.

Q: You mean Nixon?

A: Yes, but more than Nixon too. It's the drift over the years to an all-powerful presidency. The tremendous power that has been marshaled in the White House pervades all who work there, resulting in an inability to put things in perspective. I think one of Haldeman's lines on the tape explains it better than anything. He was talking with Nixon when things were coming apart, and he said: "It was done for a higher good."

Q: Then this powerful presidency causes men to think whatever they do is justified?

A: In this case, it resulted in a willingness to use unacceptable means. There were constant reactions and overreactions.

Q: What do you think of the men you have brought to trial and the ones who have pleaded guilty?

A: These are not evil men. There was no one man in control. There was no czar. But men who become convinced their cause is just resort to means to attain it that they otherwise would not consider. For example, I can't conceive of any Government, any presidential Administration, letting a man like Liddy run around loose.

Q: How do you think the trial was conducted?

A: I thought the trial was well run. We all had a bumpy start, making statements we shouldn't have made. But considering the complexity of the case, the emotions involved, it went along fairly smoothly. I think Judge Sirica did himself a lot of good by the fair way he conducted the trial, which some didn't expect.

Q: What will the appeals be based on?

A: Pretrial publicity. Denial of motions for severance. Some of the statements on the tapes. But there's not much in the trial itself that anyone can argue with.



CHIEF WATERGATE TRIAL PROSECUTOR JAMES NEAL

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA)
v.) Criminal Case No. 75-110
JOHN H. MITCHELL,)
HARRY H. WILSON,)
JOHN EDWARD LEAHY,)
WILLIAM T. BATTMAN,)
MARTIAN M. MARDIAN,)
DEFENDANTS)

DOCS. OF VERDICT

AS TO DEFENDANT JOHN H. MITCHELL

Count 1: Guilty
Count 2: Guilty
Count 3: Guilty
Count 4: Guilty
Count 5: Guilty
Count 6: Guilty

John A. Laffer
Clerk of Court

Dated January 14, 1995

THE MITCHELL VERDICT

Reached without rancor, a judgment that would sound a warning for the future of the republic.

prosecution contended that Hunt's lawyer, William Bittman, told Parkinson about a memo in which Hunt outlined his demands in exchange for "maintaining silence." Parkinson admitted getting a list from Bittman of the amounts that each defendant was seeking to meet expenses, copying it and giving it to Dean—but he claimed that he never read it.

Parkinson's lawyer, Jacob Stein, portrayed his client as a political innocent badly abused by Mitchell and Mardian. Even Neal conceded that Parkinson, when he agreed to represent the Nixon committee after the break-in, had "stepped into this lions' den and didn't realize there were lions there." Although Neal argued that this "upright man" later became "fatally involved," the jurors apparently decided that Parkinson had been at worst an entrapped rather than a willing conspirator.

High Costs. Judging by earlier sentences given other Watergate principals, especially the one-to-four-year sentence being served by the cooperative Dean, court observers estimate that Sirica, despite his "hanging judge" reputation, will mete out nowhere near the maximum penalties to the newly convicted conspirators. Some forecast a minimum sentence of two years for Mitchell, Haldeman and Ehrlichman—double that of Dean's—and a lesser term for Mardian. No date for sentencing has been set.

Predictably the four convicted men plan to submit a barrage of arguments to bolster their appeals. They expect to remain free for two years or so as those appeals are fought through the court system. Most legal experts close to the case, including at least one defense attorney, see no real chance that the charges will be dismissed. At best, a new trial could be ordered, but even that is highly doubt-

ful. The appeals, of course, will only add to the high cost of legal fees for the defendants. Ehrlichman revealed last week that he now owes his lawyers \$400,000—a bill he cannot meet from his own assets.

One main ground for appeal will be that massive pretrial publicity, including the impeachment proceedings against Nixon, made a fair trial impossible, especially in such a politically aware city as Washington. Other arguments, especially by Ehrlichman, will be the failure of Nixon to testify because of his poor health and Sirica's refusal to let the trial await Nixon's recovery. Still another basis for appeal will be Sirica's insistence on presiding over the trial after he was so closely involved in breaking the cover-up.

All of those arguments have serious flaws. When Sirica first questioned prospective jurors, there were some indications that the publicity about Nixon's pardon might actually have worked in the defendants' favor. Originally, half of the jurors said that convicting Nixon's aides would be unfair since their leader had gone free.

Furthermore, even before the trial started, an appeals court in Washington rejected defense contentions that Sirica should not handle the case. The same higher court has already praised his personal questioning of Liddy in the first trial as being a "palpable search for truth

in the highest tradition of his office as a federal judge." Although he made a few careless remarks out of the jury's hearing in the latest trial, Sirica applied the rules of evidence and argument with some latitude but with an even hand that surprised his critics.

The most promising prospect for a successful appeal probably lies with

Mardian, who will argue that he deserved a separate trial. He will contend that his case was unfairly linked with the much stronger cases against the other three convicted defendants and that he was fatally tarnished by their misdeeds.

Whatever the eventual results of those appeals, the New Year's Day verdict meant that the nation could now begin to leave Watergate to the historians. However tardily, the courts, the Congress, the press and public had met the challenge of arrogant men at the pinnacle of Government acting unlawfully to preserve and expand their power. More investigations remain (see following story), and there could be more revelations of official misconduct. Yet most of the mysteries of Watergate have now been resolved. Most of the corruption has been exposed.

Whether the demands of justice have been fully met, especially in the case of the pardoned President, will long be debated. But certainly for Richard Nixon, as well as for his convicted co-conspirators, Watergate has proved a personal disaster. The verdict was a reason for relief rather than jubilation. But it was a fitting way to close a sorry chapter in U.S. history and to begin a new year.

The Cases Still Open

The conviction of four top Nixon aides left plenty of work for Watergate Special Prosecutor Henry S. Ruth Jr. Among the investigations that his office is still pursuing:

► Former Presidential Counsel J. Fred Buzhardt, 50, faces possible indictment for his role in preparing the heavily edited tape transcripts released by



MEMBERS OF THE JURY DURING A BREAK AT THE U.S. COURTHOUSE IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

Richard Nixon last April 30. There were serious discrepancies between the edited transcripts and the tapes that were eventually released. Buzhardt has insisted that he was solely responsible for editing the transcripts.

► The famous 18½-minute gap on a tape of a White House conversation between Nixon and H.R. Haldeman on June 20, 1972, still has not been explained. Investigators have narrowed the list of suspects to Nixon, Haldeman, Secretary Rose Mary Woods and one-time Presidential Aide Stephen Bull.

► John Connally is scheduled to go to trial in March on charges of accepting a \$10,000 bribe for helping to get a raise in milk-price supports after a dairy cooperative made a big contribution to Nixon's re-election campaign. The Government is also looking into possible violations involving dairymen's contributions to the 1972 presidential campaigns of Democrats Hubert Humphrey and Wilbur Mills.

► Charles G. ("Bebe") Rebozo, Nixon's close friend, is under investigation concerning the \$50,000 that he allegedly gave to Fred LaRue, a Nixon re-election committee aide, in 1973. Investigators suspect that half the amount may have gone into a "hush money" fund for the Watergate burglars.

► One former Nixon presidential counsel, Edward Morgan, has already pleaded guilty to conspiring to violate tax laws in backdating a deed that gave Nixon's pre-presidential papers to the National Archives and gained him a \$576,000 tax deduction. Nixon's former tax lawyer, Frank De Marco, and the appraiser of the papers, Ralph Newman, are also under scrutiny in the papers incident.

► William O. Bittman, once the attorney for Watergate Burglar E. Howard Hunt, may be indicted for his repeated denials to Watergate prosecutors that he had received a memo from Hunt that stated the Watergate burglars' belief that they would receive pardons and support money in return for "maintaining silence."

► Maurice Stans, former finance chairman of the Committee for the Re-election of the President, is under investigation for his soliciting and handling of donations to the 1972 campaign.

► Armand Hammer, chairman of Occidental Petroleum, is under investigation for a \$54,000 contribution to the Nixon campaign illegally channeled through former Montana Governor Tim Babcock.

► International Telephone and Telegraph is still being looked into in connection with a favorable IRS ruling that permitted the conglomerate to acquire the Hartford Fire Insurance Co. in 1969. Federal authorities are also studying the sudden halt in 1972 of a Securities and Exchange Commission investigation into "insider" trading of ITT stock by company executives.

INTELLIGENCE

Revelations and Resignations

Even for many officials of the Central Intelligence Agency, the activities of the Domestic Operations Division were an impenetrable secret. Few CIA employees knew more than that the DOD was set up in 1962 with the ostensible purpose of collecting foreign intelligence inside the U.S., partly through East European émigré organizations. Last week the division was accused of having had a more sinister function as well. Three former CIA employees told TIME that the DOD kept a still unknown number of Americans under covert surveillance within the U.S., sometimes at the urging of the CIA's Counter-Intelligence Division, sometimes on its own initiative.

This was the latest revelation in the continuing controversy over the CIA's domestic spying. The operation was originally thought to have been primarily conducted by Counter-Intelligence, which combats the activities of potential enemy agents round the world. It now appears that many of the home-front spying operations, at least in the late 1960s, were actually carried out by the shadowy DOD. An ex-CIA official told TIME Correspondent Strobe Talbott: "Counter-Intelligence performed mostly a policymaking function where domestic activity was concerned, including helping to decide which groups and individuals should be watched. But it was the DOD that did the dirty work."

Spying Halt. Not even the name of the DOD's present chief is known publicly, though Watergate Burglar E. Howard Hunt claims to have been its first chief of covert action. In his book *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, Victor Marchetti, a disaffected employee who left the agency in 1969, reports that the DOD at that time had a staff of a few hundred people and an annual budget of up to \$10 million. It operated field offices in at least ten U.S. cities.

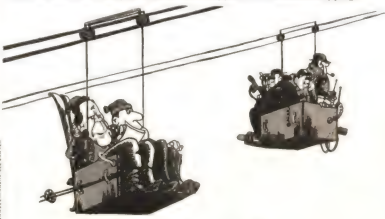
The furor over the domestic spying

was touched off two weeks ago by the New York Times, which reported that in the 1950s and 1960s the CIA undertook wiretaps, break-ins and other covert means within the U.S. and accumulated illegal intelligence files on 10,000 Americans. These allegations were at least partially confirmed by CIA Director William E. Colby in a secret accounting to President Gerald Ford. Colby is said to have told Ford that the CIA had maintained files on thousands of Americans, although he contended that only a fraction were under active surveillance. He also is said to have insisted that when his predecessor, James Schlesinger, became director in 1973, he halted the domestic spying on U.S. citizens, which had violated the law limiting the CIA to foreign operations.

CIA Shakeup. Despite the secrecy of the DOD's domestic spying, the CIA sometimes took pains to work smoothly with other federal investigative agencies. For example, the CIA informed these agencies of its surveillance of Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, Representative Claude Pepper of Florida, former Representative Cornelius E. Gallagher of New Jersey and the late Senator Edward Long of Missouri. At other times, however, there was friction among the agencies: FBI agents once discovered that a Manhattan-based CIA man was in close touch with a Pittsburgh Mafia chief who was being probed by the FBI. The FBI protested so vehemently that the CIA operative was sent to Italy until FBI tempers cooled.

As more details of the domestic spying surfaced, Colby continued his shakeup of the CIA. He had forced the resignation of James Angleton, 57, Counter-Intelligence's director for 20 years. Three of Angleton's top staff members retired last week rather than face demotion and transfer. They are: Angleton's chief deputy, Raymond

"And you assure me, Colby, that the CIA has stopped all of its domestic spying?"



THE NATION

Rocca, Executive Officer William J. Hood and Chief of Operations Newton S. Miller

At week's end, after meeting with Secretary of State Kissinger, President Ford announced the appointment of a blue-ribbon panel "to determine whether the CIA has exceeded its statutory authority." Among the members: Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, former California Governor Ronald Reagan, former U.S. Solicitor General Erwin N. Griswold, retired Army General Lyman L. Lemnitzer and John T. Connor, one-time Secretary of Commerce.

CONGRESS

A Drinking Problem

After more than three weeks' treatment and rest at the Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Md., Wilbur Mills, fallen chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, propped himself up in bed and drafted a statement explaining his recent bizarre behavior. "During the past several years, and most especially in the last year," wrote Mills, "I had scarcely noticed that my drinking habits had changed perceptibly. I now realize, after several weeks of treatment by the doctors and soul-searching of my own, that I had developed a severe drinking problem, not as a daily drinker but as a periodic heavy drinker. I did not know that this pattern corresponds with what is known as alcoholism."

Mills thus joined New Jersey Senator Harrison Williams and outgoing Iowa Senator Harold Hughes as an admitted problem drinker. The Arkansas Congressman has received counseling from Alcoholics Anonymous in the hospital, and he vows total abstinence in the future. Said he: "I have been a sick man who did not understand the nature of the illness."

Like Socrates. Indeed the revelry that led to the Tidal Basin dunking of Stripper Fanne Foxe and Mills' onstage appearance with her at Boston's Pilgrim Theater, a burlesque house, were unusual behavior for the 65-year-old Congressman. Such escapades led to his ouster as Ways and Means chairman.

Mills announced his intention to take his seat in Congress next week, and pledged full support to Oregon's Al Ullman, the new Ways and Means chairman. Most of Mills' committee colleagues welcomed his return. "He's still the most knowledgeable tax man on the committee," said Illinois Democrat Daniel Rostenkowski. "If he can really lick this thing, he can be one of the most effective members of the committee. It'll be like Socrates having the students sitting at his feet while he passes out tips on taxes." But not unless Mills steers completely clear of strippers and carousing. Warns another member of Ways and Means, Florida Democrat Sam Gibbons: "If that occurs again, he'd just be gone."

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

Subtle Changes in the Oval Office

A White House aide the other day was surveying the Oval Office, and he looked in where the sliding rear door had been, the secret route for the choicest of presidential aides. It had vanished. In place of the door was a plastered wall, and not a mark to indicate that there once had been a back gateway to power.

Immediately, the young man began to calculate. That meant there would be no privileged entrée to the President, long one of the rituals of real influence. Anybody wanting to see Gerald Ford would have to enter his office from the corridors or the secretary's office or the porch, all doorways monitored and barred except by previous arrangement. It was a device to discourage empire builders or any staff man who felt he could occupy the presidential ear.

The Oval Office itself has been cleansed of the vivid blues and golds of the Nixon era. It is subdued now, a blend of soft green, rust and beige. It is not hard to see how the bright Nixon colors were inspired by the Southwestern states, while those in the Ford office are more the muted tones of the Great Lakes states where the colors shift with the seasons.

At one time 15 eagles were perched in the Oval Office. Eagles on the rug, on the flagpoles, on the walls. Their population and prominence have been considerably reduced. The pervasive influence in the décor now is Abraham Lincoln. There is a statue



FORD AT EASE WITH BRONCO BUSTER

ette of young Abe standing serenely on a pedestal against the wall. Looking out over the office from the bookshelves is a bust of Lincoln sculpted by Leonard Volk in about 1880. This is the creased and concerned President who held the nation together. In the hall just outside the office is a larger bust of Lincoln, a melancholy visage of courage and strength that catches the eye of anyone entering.

Those 307 battle streamers that commemorated military engagements from Ticonderoga to Viet Nam have been moved from behind the presidential chair to the Cabinet Room. Ford's own war ribbons and medals (he has ten battle stars) are in a modest case on the shelf. There is a whiff of the West about the place, just as there is about Ford. In the hall is a painting of Old Faithful done by Albert Bierstadt about the time

that Yellowstone became a national park; Ford once worked there. And there is a magnificent view of a setting sun on snowcapped peaks of the Grand Tetons. Thomas Moran did the oil in 1895. To the right of Ford's desk in the Oval Office is *Bronco Buster*, a bronze by Frederic Remington of a cowboy straining to stay on the back of his plunging horse. Ford's son Steve is working as a cowboy in Montana.

The presence of other men pervades the place. Benjamin Franklin, looking like a benevolent old owl, watches from one wall. He was painted by Charles Willson Peale in 1785 when he came home after almost ten years in France. Peale also did the oil of George Washington that is over the mantel.

But the man who casts his spell over the Oval Office more than anyone except Lincoln is Harry Truman. A bust of Truman is just behind Ford's desk, where he can watch over the President's shoulder as Ford conducts the nation's business.

Across the hall in the Roosevelt Room, so named by Nixon to commemorate the two Roosevelt cousins who were Presidents, there is a flare of partisanship, but it is about the only one close to the center of things. There are seven pictures, busts and prints of Theodore Roosevelt, the Republican, and one modest plaque of Franklin Roosevelt, the Democrat.

It is hard too to find any trace of Richard Nixon. There are no busts or medals or oil portraits. The desk that Ford uses was Nixon's, but it was a lot of other people's too. About the only trace of Nixon that can be found are four volumes of his public papers. They reside on a lonely shelf in a breakfast in the Roosevelt Room. The fact that this story of Nixon runs out in 1972 may be another of those marvelous tidbits of history that tell us so much about the men of power and their ways.



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POLITICS

Parting Words

It is the season for elected officials to take office, in Congress and in statehouses across the land. It is also a time for some of America's most experienced public officials to retire, either voluntarily or because of defeat at the polls. Many of them leave behind some parting words of advice for their constituents and the nation. Among them:

► William Fulbright, 69, Democratic Senator from Arkansas for 30 years, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee: "This inflation is a terrible, terrible burden. It was inflation, primarily, that caused the great mass of people to lose confidence in the Weimar Republic. We keep hearing calls for new leadership, which is what happened in Germany. It begins to sound more and more like what people want is a man on a white horse, a dictator. I'm not saying we're going to have *Seven Days in May*. All I'm saying is that it is possible if we don't act wisely."

► H.R. Gross, 75, Iowa Conservative Republican who fought for 26 years in the House to restrain spending: "No effective measures have been taken to stop inflation. The No. 1 thing is to get the budget balanced, do what we ought to have been doing long ago: make expenditures match income. Without that, they can use all the gimmickry known to mankind and it still won't work."

► Francis W. Sargent, 59, moderate Republican Governor of Massachusetts for six years: "The Federal Government, in its incredible anxiety to computerize



IN SOUTHWEST MEXICO, ARMY TROOPS DESTROY OPIUM-POPPY FIELD

the lives of everyone, has made some very serious invasions into people's privacy. There has been all too much snooping. We should not get rid of computers, but we should give more thought to what goes into them."

► Sam J. Ervin Jr., 78, Democratic Senator from North Carolina for 20 years: "My greatest regret has been my inability to enact some very basic laws that would guarantee individual freedom. I believe that you ought to leave as much governing as possible to the people at the local level."

► George D. Aiken, 82, Vermont Republican and dean of the Senate, where he served for 34 years: "Again, I wish to urge a constitutional amendment that would limit the President to a single six-year term. I would also recommend an amendment that would prohibit any member of Congress from becoming a candidate for President or Vice President until he has been out of the legislative body for at least two years. If we could do this, we would find that both the President and the members of Congress could concentrate on doing the work for which they were elected."

that figure fell from 1,726 to 1,017. For the first half of 1974 alone, the death toll was 691. Applicants at treatment centers are also increasing. From July to September of last year, hospitals reported a 66% rise in overdose cases compared with the same period the previous year.

In the past, heroin was concentrated in the nation's largest cities. Now arrests, evidence of addiction and heroin-related crime are showing up more often in smaller cities. As examples, DuPont mentioned rising addiction in Des Moines, Eugene, Ore., and Jackson, Miss.

New Crop. The downtrend of 1973 was a result of Turkey's ban on the cultivation of the opium-poppo plant, which had been the source of 80% of the heroin in the U.S. But last July Turkey lifted the prohibition. Growers planted a new crop this fall for harvest next June.

European heroin dealers, who had stockpiled their remaining stashes of Turkish heroin in view of the shortage, released their goods in anticipation of renewed supplies from the coming harvest. Despite Turkish pledges to control processing of the new crop, U.S. drug enforcers predicted a serious increase in available heroin on American streets.

To replace the Turkish supplies, Mexican "brown" heroin—a cruder, more cheaply produced variety—was put under extensive cultivation two years ago. Mexican officials have tried to stamp out the traffic, even using soldiers and helicopters to search out illicit crops. Nevertheless, John Bartels Jr., head of the Justice Department's Drug Enforcement Administration, says that Mexican heroin has become "our No. 1 target."

The financial and human cost of the heroin plague is horrendous. In fiscal 1973, according to Bartels' estimate, heroin addicts required \$5.6 billion to support their habit. More than half of that, authorities believe, comes from crime. If DuPont is correct when he says that "we can no longer talk about turning the corner on heroin anywhere," crime is likely to increase.

AIKEN & SOME FRIENDS



NARCOTICS

Return of the Plague

Just a year ago, federal authorities had reason to believe that the lethal heroin traffic was at last slowing. Deaths related to heroin had fallen significantly in 1973. Prices on the average were up—a sure sign of scarcity—and on the East Coast particularly "white" heroin made from the Turkish opium poppy was in short supply. Government officials were confident that the number of users was declining nationwide.

That optimism withered during 1974. Recently Dr. Robert DuPont, director of the President's Drug Abuse Prevention Office, said, "We're sure heroin use has gone up. Just how much we don't know, but it is getting worse." The prospect for 1975, he said, is "ominous." One measure is the number of heroin-related deaths. Between 1971 and 1973,

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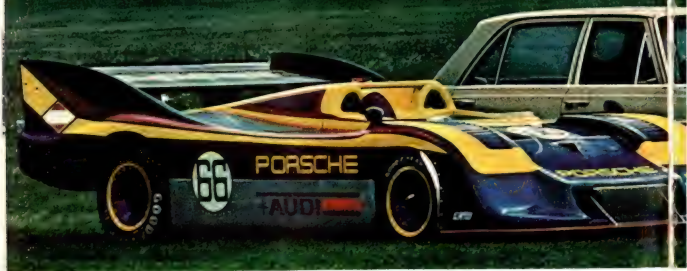
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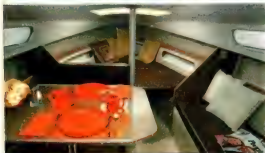
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MIDDLE EAST

A Diplomatic "Illness" Raises Hopes

"When Anwar Sadat talks to an American leader, he talks of peace. When he talks to Brezhnev, he talks war." So said an Egyptian official, as he looked ahead to the long-scheduled mid-January visit to Cairo of Soviet Communist Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev. Last week it appeared that the Egyptian President still preferred to talk peace rather than talk war on Russian terms. After a flurry of Egyptian and Soviet diplomatic activity, Brezhnev postponed indefinitely his state visits to Egypt, Syria and Iraq. In light of the Soviet Union's unmistakable desire to increase its influence in shaping a Middle Eastern peace settlement, the postponement was a clear setback for Moscow. It also provided new hope for Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's strategy of careful, step-by-step negotiations involving Israel and its Arab neighbors.

Hunting lodge. What prompted Brezhnev to call off his trip? Aides to Egyptian Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy and newly appointed Minister of War General Mohamed Abdel Ghany Gamassy, who saw Brezhnev last week, insisted that the Soviet leader was in poor health. There were also reports that the Egyptian Cabinet members met him at a health sanatorium outside Moscow. It is quite possible that Brezhnev, 68, who has had a grueling series of diplomatic encounters, including trips to Paris, Mongolia and Vladivostok, may have a touch of grippé, which is—as usual in winter—widespread in Moscow.

Nonetheless, there is strong suspicion that Brezhnev's "illness" was more diplomatic than physical. *TIME* Moscow Correspondent John Shaw reported that Fahmy and Gamassy did not meet

Brezhnev in a sanatorium but were driven in a high-speed, police-escorted convoy to Brezhnev's hunting lodge at Zavidovo, about 80 miles north of Moscow.

Such a diplomatic illness may have been caused by the inability of the Egyptians and the Soviets to agree on the future course of Middle East negotiations. Brezhnev told Fahmy and Gamassy that before he would go to the Middle East, Cairo must accept the Geneva Conference as the sole route for reaching a negotiated peace. As the conference's co-host (along with the U.S.), the Soviet Union would be able to exercise a powerful, direct influence on the negotiations and perhaps even deadlock them. Sadat apparently balked: he wants to give Kissinger another chance to pressure Israel into returning more of oc-

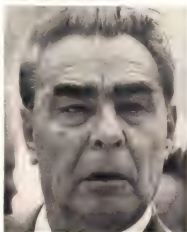
cupied Sinai to Egypt as another positive step toward settlement. Unwilling to suffer what might appear to be a rejection of his own brand of personal diplomacy, Brezhnev put off his trip. Although Moscow has relatively few policy differences with Syria and Iraq, Brezhnev could hardly visit those nations and skip Egypt; that would be a much harsher public slap at Sadat than the Soviet leader probably wants to administer.

Faint New Hope. Fahmy and Gamassy went to Moscow, partly in hope of convincing Brezhnev that the Soviet Union should resume large-scale arms shipments to Egypt. Since the end of the October war, the Soviets have poured massive supplies of arms into Syria, while Israel, thanks to the U.S., has more than replaced its matériel losses. Egypt, on the other hand, has been left without adequate replacements for its Russian-made arms. One condition Moscow sets for arms shipments: a return of Soviet advisers to Egypt.

With the Brezhnev visit now delayed indefinitely, there is a new opportunity for Kissinger to push ahead with talks leading to a further pullback of Israeli troops on the Sinai and Golan fronts. Cairo's mood last week reflected a faint new hope that he might succeed.

The first step may be taken this week when Israeli Deputy Premier and Foreign Minister Yigal Allon sees Kissinger in Washington. During a December visit to the U.S., Allon told Kissinger that in return for Egyptian concessions, such as a declaration of nonbelligerence, Israel was prepared to give up as many as 50 miles in some parts of occupied Sinai. Sadat rejected this proposal as "unacceptable," on the ground that the

SOVIET CHIEF LEONID BREZHNEV



BRIAN STONE

EGYPT'S FOREIGN MINISTER FAHMY (RIGHT) AND WAR MINISTER GAMASSY (CENTER) AT MOSCOW AIRPORT WITH SOVIET OFFICIALS



THE WORLD

Israelis were not willing to surrender either the strategic Mitla and Giddi desert passes or the captured Egyptian oil wells at Abu Rudeis, which supply Israel with about 60% of its petroleum.

The big question is: What will Allon propose now? Officials in Jerusalem hint that Israel might return the oilfields if it received a guaranteed substitute source (possibly the U.S.) for the 25 million bbl. Abu Rudeis now pumps out annually. Israel might also give up the passes, according to these officials, if: 1) the area were demilitarized, 2) the term of the disengagement ran for several years, 3) Israeli cargoes (though not necessarily Israeli ships) had rights of passage through the Suez Canal, and 4) Egypt tacitly agreed to some kind of assurance of nonbelligerence. Egypt may find some of these points more acceptable than Allon's December proposals.

Since progress toward a settlement has been stalled for so long, Kissinger is likely to lose little time in ascertaining Egypt's response to whatever Allon brings to Washington. Thus it is expected that either Fahmy will visit Washington soon after Allon departs, or that Kissinger will fly off to the Middle East for another round of shuttle diplomacy. At week's end, though, several Arab states, as well as Iran, reacted angrily to a Kissinger statement that, "in the gravest emergency," the U.S. might consider using military force against Middle East oil producers.

Underlying Reason. Sadat badly needs visible evidence of progress toward peace. He has come under consistent criticism from Arab militants for trusting Kissinger so much. Last week he had to face mounting criticism at home. On New Year's Day, rioting and violence erupted in downtown Cairo for the first time in nearly two years. More than 500 workers from the Helwan industrial complex massed in front of the Interior Ministry demanding a rollback of food prices, which have soared an estimated 20% in the past year. Although police disbanded the mob with clubs and tear gas, protesters roamed through the center of the capital, stoning buses and smashing windows at Libyan Arab Airlines and Air France.

Although the protest was ostensibly aimed at inflation, the underlying reason for the riots was a growing fear that the Middle East may be drifting back to the tense and economically costly "no war, no peace" situation that followed the Six-Day War of 1967. In fact, as a reminder that tension still plagues the region, on three consecutive days last week Israel sent commandos into southern Lebanon. They raided villages, destroyed houses, and seized five villagers as alleged terrorists. Lebanese officials reported that four civilians and one soldier had been killed. Israelis said that the raids were merely "preventive and reconnaissance operations" designed to "confront the terrorists" before they crossed into Israel.



ROW OF TENTS OFFERS SHELTER TO GREEK CYPRIOT REFUGEES

CYPRUS

Bitter Lemons In a Lost Paradise

Before last summer's short but savage war between invading Turks and the outgunned Greek Cypriot National Guard, Cyprus was an oasis of sunny prosperity in the turbulent eastern Mediterranean. Nearly six months after the end of the fighting, Cyprus today is a wrecked dream—its airports still closed, its economy shattered, one-third of its people refugees in their own land. Greek Cypriot Leader Glafkos Clerides and his Turkish counterpart, Rauf Denktaş, had hoped to resume their interrupted peace talks during Christmas week but were unable to agree on a basis for further negotiations. TIME Correspondent Erik Amfithatrof recently visited the troubled island. His report:

With no settlement of their six-month agony in sight, Cypriots are living through the bleakest, most bitter winter in memory. Though there have been losses and atrocities on both sides, the Greek Cypriots, who make up 80% of the island's population, have suffered the most. Terrified by reports of mass shootings and rapes by Turkish troops advancing in the north last July, some 200,000 Greek Cypriots fled toward the British base area of Dhekelia on Cyprus' southern coast. The more fortunate were able to squeeze into the homes of relatives, but nearly 20,000 are spending the winter in canvas tents pitched in the fields and orchards.

The temperature is near freezing after sundown. On rainy days, the muddy lanes of the refugee camps turn into streams and water seeps into the tents. On cold nights, hundreds wander like ghosts into nearby towns to bed down in cafes or hotel lobbies.

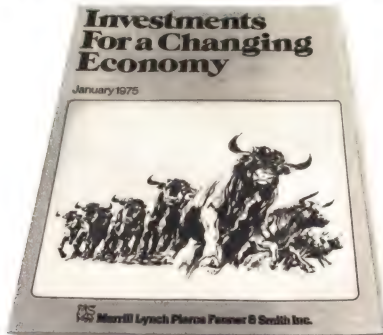
The situation of some 10,000 Turkish Cypriot refugees in the southern, Greek-controlled part of the island is no better; they, too, are living under canvas this winter. In two desolate camps at the British base in Akrotiri, many are

suffering from bronchial and rheumatic conditions, and there are cases of tuberculosis. But they at least have the consolation of knowing that, a few dozen miles to the north of their camps, there is Turkish armor with the capability of overrunning the entire island.

For many of the refugees, the ordeal is made more difficult by memories of the paradise that has been lost. Before last summer's upheaval, the island, which is carpeted with citrus groves and vineyards, exported lemons, oranges, grapes and wines to Europe. It produced automotive parts for Middle Eastern countries, and its beaches lured 250,000 tourists a year. By the early 1970s, Cyprus was one of the eastern Mediterranean's most prosperous nations, with a per capita income of \$1,460, and there was virtually no unemployment. Even the long-festering animosity between Greek and Turkish Cypriots was sweetened by the good life, and an eventual healing seemed possible.

Silent Leader. Prospects for a political settlement that might revive the island's economy now appear remote. Archbishop Makarios, the prelate-President of Cyprus, returned from his enforced exile last month, but so far he has accomplished little and said even less. He has consulted with leaders of all the Greek Cypriot political parties about forming a new government, but has yet to give any indication of the composition of his future Cabinet. Meanwhile, negotiations between both sides remain stalemated over the issue of a mass population transfer. On a visit to Cyprus last week, former Turkish Premier Bülent Ecevit insisted that the geographic and administrative separation of ethnic communities be formalized through the establishment of a federal state. But the Greek Cypriots oppose any agreement that would prevent them from returning to their homes; to bolster their bargaining position, they have refused to allow Turkish Cypriots in the Greek-controlled south to move north. For the moment Makarios is silent. But he knows well that unless he remains adamant on this issue, he cannot hold the support of the Greek Cypriot community.

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JAPAN

The Last Last Soldier?

When Sergeant Shoichi Yokoi surrendered in the jungles of Guam in 1972, all Japan was excited by the emergence of "the last soldier" of World War II. Yokoi immediately became a national hero. When the second "last soldier" of World War II, Lieut. Hiroo Onoda, was found in the Philippines last March, Tokyo sent a chartered jet to bring him home. When a third last soldier was captured on the remote Indonesian island of Morotai last month, the Japanese began to show a little embarrassment. How many more aging sons of Nippon can still be fighting for the Emperor in remote corners of the Pacific?

Like his predecessors, Private Teruo Nakamura was motivated to hold out both by fear of capture and fidelity to orders. After a final banzai charge against invading U.S. troops failed in January 1945, radio contact between Tokyo and Morotai was lost. Nakamura, who was separated from other members of his command unit, managed to avoid capture and built a grass hut deep in the jungle. He survived by raising potatoes and picking bananas off the trees. "My commanding officer told me to fight it out," he explained. Last month he was spotted by a Morotai native, who alerted Indonesian authorities. Four airmen lured the naked Nakamura out of hiding by singing the Japanese national anthem and waving the rising-sun flag. Then they pounced on him.

No Banners. Primitive living seemed to agree with Nakamura, 55, as much as it did with the other two holdouts; doctors in Jakarta pronounced him "exceedingly fit," even though at week's end he was suffering from a mild case of malaria. A member of the Ami tribe from Taiwan—long reputed for their

bravery, stamina and ability to absorb hardship—Nakamura would like to return home and join his wife. She has long since remarried, but says that she will still be happy to see him. So far, the Japanese government has not sent a jet to take him back to Tokyo nor have the banners been brought out for a grand welcome. The Welfare Ministry, however, did compute Nakamura's back pay. After nearly 30 years alone in the jungle, he is entitled to the princely sum of \$227.59.

The Super Missionary

The Far East of late has become something of a spawning ground for spiritual leaders bent on converting the world. There was South Korea's Rev. Sun Myung Moon, 55, a self-ordained Christian missionary (and self-made millionaire) whose message of repentance was blatted across the U.S. last year by thousands of zealous young converts to his Unification Church (TIME, Sept. 30). Yet another prophet is Daisaku Ikeda, 46, president and spiritual leader of Japan's *Soka Gakkai* (Value-Creation Society), a laymen's Buddhist organization. Ikeda is fast earning a reputation as a super missionary for peace.

Although the sect's utopian approach to global problems often sounds like an Oriental echo of Moral Re-Armament, Ikeda carries more political clout than most religious leaders. His organization is the founder of Japan's *Komeito* (Clean Government) party, which emerged second only to the combined forces of the Socialists and Communists as an opposition party in the last election. Moreover, on his global mission for what he calls "lasting peace," Ikeda last year was received by both Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin and Chinese Premier Chou En-lai. When he visits the U.S. this week to address his organization's 200,000 converts in the country, Ikeda will meet U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim to inform him that *Soka Gakkai* has collected 10 million signatures against nuclear armament.

Lotus Sutra. Although *Soka Gakkai* is based on the teachings of a zealous 13th century Japanese monk named Nichiren Daishonin, who sought to demystify and simplify Buddhism, it has little in common with Zen or other more meditative sects. The emphasis is placed on repeated chanting of the *Diamoku*, (worship formula) in praise of the lotus sutra. Members must prove their piety by making fresh converts. One of their most debatable practices is *shakubuku*, or forcible persuasion, which some critics charge has often bordered on brainwashing.

The organization had a phenomenal growth after Ikeda, the son of a Tokyo seaweed vendor, became its leader in 1960. Since then, membership has grown from 1.3 million to 10 million, and converts have been made in more than 30 different countries. To propa-

THE WORLD



IKEDA AT SOKA GAKKAI RALLY
"You have to have power."

gate its teachings, *Soka Gakkai* publishes a daily newspaper, *Seikyo Shimbun* (circ. 4.5 million), operates its own university, Soka Digaku, near Tokyo, and has built a temple as big as the Houston Astrodome at the foot of Mount Fuji.

In 1964 the organization founded the *Komeito* party in hopes of wiping out corruption in government. Although the party is now theoretically independent of *Soka Gakkai*, believers in the sect account for 90% of party membership. With 30 representatives in the lower house of the Diet and 24 in the upper house, *Komeito* has become a force to be reckoned with. Says Yoshiaki Masaki, the party policy board chairman, "We stand on the side of small people and work against the base of authority in Japan."

Faith and Power. Ikeda himself has moved more and more into the political arena recently. He called for reestablishing diplomatic relations with China long before most other Japanese leaders did, and has written a bestselling book about his impressions of Mao's revolution. In other books, lectures and articles, which are seriously and lengthily analyzed in the Tokyo press, Ikeda has advocated a world food bank, cutbacks in defense expenditures, and nuclear disarmament. His most consuming passion is the creation of an international people-to-people crusade against war. "Government leaders come and go," he explains. "Not the contact established and fostered for peace, people to people."

Ikeda lives modestly in a Japanese-style house with his wife and three children. By many of his followers, he is regarded as a reincarnation of Nichiren, and he obviously relishes the role. True to the teachings of *Soka Gakkai*, Ikeda equates faith with power—and he makes no bones about the fact that power is what his organization is after. Why not? Says he: "You have to have power to do anything at all meaningful."

NAKAMURA EATING IN JAKARTA



CHINA

Enemies of the People

For years the Russian KGB, the CIA and other espionage organizations have tried to fathom the enigmatic course of life in China by monitoring provincial radio broadcasts, intercepting military messages and occasionally recruiting contacts within the People's Republic. Not surprisingly, the best China spies are the Chinese themselves. Agents of Taiwan's intelligence network in past years have provided the most sensational and intimate glimpses into the murky world of Peking politics.

In recent weeks Taiwan has even been willing to advertise its network of loyalists and informers on China's mainland. Breaking with precedent, Taipei has published the names of some 20 "martyrs"—spies and agents who lost their lives while operating in the People's Republic. A Taiwan government-recruited mainland spy named Wang Hung, 30, surfaced in Taipei after having served a year as an undercover operative in China. Purportedly a political instructor in the Red army stationed in Yunnan province, Wang told TIME's Bing Wong that he formed clandestine cells among urban youths who had been sent to the countryside to work on agricultural communes.

Taipei claims that Wang is one of 10,000 secret agents on the mainland involved in such activities as sabotaging production, forming secret anti-Peking cells, and passing copied documents on to Taiwan's couriers. The number of op-

eratives is probably exaggerated; nonetheless, Taiwan's secret agents can claim credit for some sensational exposures. Notably, they brought to light the letter written by Mao Tse-tung to his wife in the midst of the Cultural Revolution in which Mao complained about the personality cult that was being built around him and sharply criticized his then heir-apparent, Defense Minister Lin Biao.

New Agents. The chief problem of Taiwan's intelligence network, which is directed in Taipei by General Yeh Hsiang-chih, is recruiting and maintaining contact with its agents in China's tightly controlled society. One useful technique in getting new agents is to exploit traditionally close family relationships by approaching prospects through their relatives. A major area for contacting potential spies is Yunnan province in China's far Southwest, near the "Golden Triangle" of Burma, Thailand and Laos, where remnants of a Kuomintang army have operated since the end of World War II.

Hong Kong is also a lively espionage center. Among the 300 to 400 overseas Chinese who daily visit the mainland from the British colony, there is an occasional Taiwanese agent on his way to making contact with secret Nationalist sympathizers. Similarly, off the coast of Fukien province, opposite Taiwan, Nationalist patrols sometimes "capture" Communist agents posing as ordinary fishermen and subject them to intensive intelligence grilling.

Not all the results are trustworthy. In fact, some "intelligence" about mainland activities published by Taiwan so



TAIWANESE SPY WANG HUNG
Intimate glimpses.

perfectly fits its anti-Communist propaganda that it might have been manufactured by imaginative P.R. agents in Taipei. Still, Peking considers Taiwan's espionage serious enough to issue periodic warnings about the presence of spies. Recently Canton radio reported sabotage by a "scoundrel" in a gas plant and chastised the factory's deputy director for his lack of vigilance. Some visitors to China have been taken to prisons where they have seen "counter-revolutionaries" and other "enemies of the people"—many of them, presumably, guilty of working for the hated little island across the Taiwan Strait.

Disaster on the Indus

The week-long festivities of the Moslem sacrificial feast known as *Eid-ul-Azha* had not yet ended. Suddenly one evening as Pakistanis gathered in their local mosques for prayers an earthquake rumbled across the northern part of the country. Within moments, thousands of buildings collapsed into rubble, and some mountain villages were practically wiped from the map. By the time the tremors finally stopped 24 hours later, at least 5,100 people were dead, and more than 15,000 injured.

The worst effects of the quake centered on a 70-mile belt of the Karakoram Highway, which was built with the aid of the Chinese along the old silk route linking Tibet and Kashmir. "When the quake started at dusk, I was saying my prayers with five other policemen in the police-station mosque," recalled Constable Mian Zar of the village of Pattan. "Suddenly, the whole building started shaking and the roof collapsed. Three of my colleagues were killed."

Pattan (pop. 10,000), which lies on the western bank of the Indus River in a bowl of snow-capped mountains, was completely destroyed. Across the river in the village of Palos, a mosque collapsed, killing 40 worshippers. A 25-mile portion of the Karakoram Highway caved in, while huge boulders blocked other sections.

Last week, as survivors picked their way through the ruins looking for loved ones, the Pakistani army began a helicopter airlift to the victims. Authorities feared that the toll might rise when rescue teams make contact with other villages that have been entirely cut off by the quake.



THE WORLD

THE NETHERLANDS

Soldiers, Unite!

Aside from the comic-strip troops of Al Capp's Lower Slobbovia or the G.I.s who stumble through maneuvers at Camp Swampy with Beetle Bailey, the 70,000-man army of The Netherlands is probably the raunchiest-looking fighting force in the world. In startling contrast to the red-jacketed guardsmen who stand stiffly at attention outside Buckingham Palace, the honor guards in front of the royal palace on the Dam Square in Amsterdam usually have unkempt uniforms, straggly beards and lank shoulder-length hair. In fact, they look more like refugees from a rock group than members of a NATO contingent that might some day have to face the Red Army in combat. Yet, in one sense, the army of The Netherlands is the most modern in the world: it is fully unionized.

The Dutch have never been very big on military discipline; thus when a conscripts' union for the army was organized in 1966, it was not considered as outlandish an idea as it might have seemed elsewhere. The union started off by demanding better pay for underpaid conscripts and soon began pushing for better working and living conditions. "A soldier is only a civilian in uniform," says Private Jan Witting, chairman of the Union of Dutch Conscripts, "and he should have all the rights of other citizens under the constitution."

The gains that the union has made would warm any G.I.'s heart. In eight years, the soldiers' union has increased pay for draftees nearly ninefold (from \$21 a month to \$180.55), reduced service time from 24 months to 16 months and made officers more respectful of the men under them. Along the way, the

union forced the Defense Ministry to abolish saluting (except on ceremonial occasions), did away with regulations regarding length of hair and beards and ended all weekend duty in barracks.

Just like General Motors executives sitting down for contract talks with heads of the United Auto Workers, Dutch Defense Ministry officials and generals meet monthly with the brass of the soldiers' union at negotiating sessions. The union is now bargaining for overtime compensation as well as free travel on the railroads for soldiers going home on weekends, meal coupons so that they can eat in restaurants rather than mess halls and, somewhat more vaguely, general "democratization and humanization" of the army itself. Indeed, the draftees' union has been so successful that the noncommissioned officers, with three unions of their own, are becoming increasingly militant. There is even a union for officers.

A Bit Apologetic. Though it had some initial reservations, the Defense Ministry has now grown accustomed to the idea of soldiers' unions and such non-soldierly duties as helping farmers with water-logged crops. "This is part of the changing concept of the army that shiny shoes don't mean good soldiers or that noncoms can go to the same toilet as officers," says one Defense Ministry spokesman. On the other hand, some tradition-minded officers are a bit apologetic about the appearance of Dutch troops. "Sure, our military is a disgrace in uniform competition with the polish of other armies," says Commodore Ruud Hemmes. But, he adds, "our soldiers know their jobs, and they are motivated. In a war they will perform, and that's what you have an army for."

On field maneuvers, in fact, even the most skeptical of Holland's allied commanders admit that the Dutch soldiers perform as well as spick-and-span units from other nations. When the Soviet Ambassador to The Netherlands chided Defense Minister Henk Vredeling on his soldiers' long hair, Vredeling replied that Samson also had long hair—and nobody wondered whether he could fight.

INDIA

Murder in Bihar

Because of recent political agitation in India's Bihar state, a force of at least 1,000 security men was present last week when the Indian Minister for Railways, Lalit Narayan Mishra, 51, formally opened a new 36-mile-long rail line from Samastipur to Muzaffarpur. Mishra had just finished his remarks and was stepping down from the dais when a time bomb exploded, ripping the dais to pieces and wounding Mishra as well as 24 bystanders (four of whom later died). Mishra himself died the following day during emergency surgery.

The first ranking national politician



THE LATE MINISTER MISHRA

A political embarrassment.

assassinated in India since Mohandas Gandhi was shot in 1948, Mishra had recently been the target of corruption charges involving the issuance of import licenses during his term as Minister for Foreign Trade (1970-73). The agitation in Bihar has been aimed at unseating a state government that Mishra, himself a Bihari, had strongly backed. The movement has been led by one of India's most respected political leaders, Jayaprakash Narayan, 72, a founder of the Socialist Party and one of the last of Gandhi's immediate disciples. Narayan has been pressing for new elections in Bihar as a way of fighting political corruption there. The New Delhi government of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi has opposed these efforts—partly because her Congress Party has a majority in Bihar, and partly because her government does not want to permit such an unsettling precedent.

Violent Elements. Ironically, Mishra's death might well strengthen Mrs. Gandhi's position if, as expected, she decides to call new parliamentary elections this year. It reinforces her charge that Narayan's movement has been taken over by violent elements, and that reactionary forces are seeking to overthrow the country's democratic system. More important, it removes from her government a controversial minister whom she had refused to dismiss but who had become a serious political embarrassment.

Mishra, in fact, was easily the most unpopular man in the Indian government—not only because of the corruption charges, but also because he had successfully used strong-arm measures last year in breaking a national rail strike. At week's end, a crowd of government employees in New Delhi initially refused to express formal grief at the news of Mishra's death. Only after the main speaker, Jayaprakash Narayan himself, remonstrated with the group and declared that "no sane person can tolerate" such acts of terrorism did the audience reluctantly support the traditional resolution of condolence.

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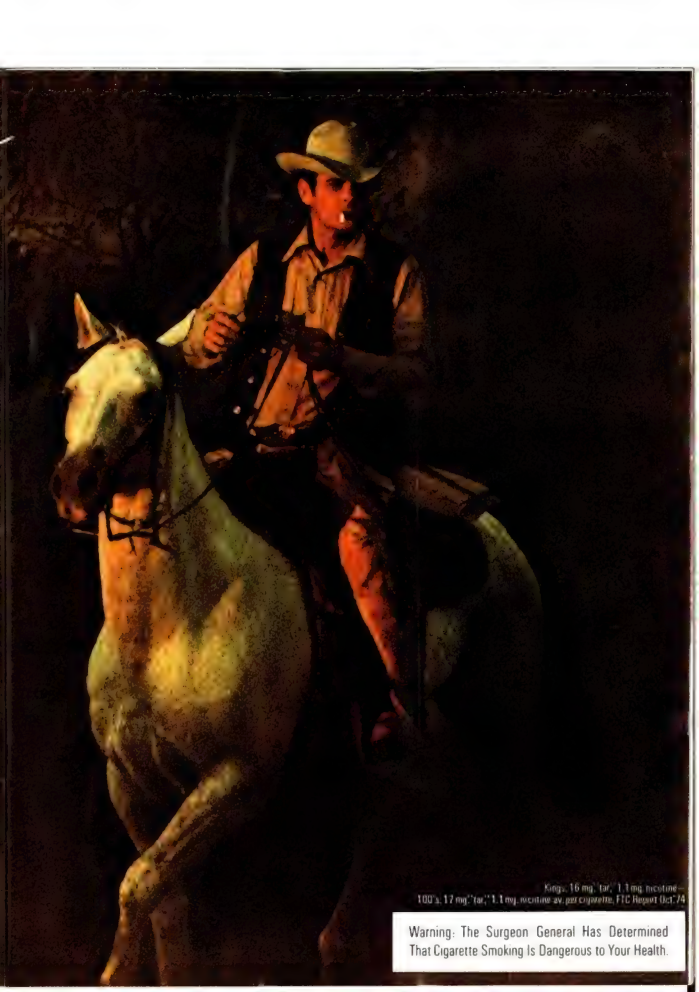


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ETHIOPIA

Only the Shadow Rules

The Coptic Orthodox Church of Ethiopia, which still observes a peculiar 13-month calendar all its own, celebrates the feast of Christmas this week. The country could hardly have less to make merry about. Eleven months after the "creeping coup" that resulted in Emperor Haile Selassie's overthrow and imprisonment last September, Ethiopia remains one of the poorest and least literate nations on earth. The average annual income is a pitiful \$80, and fewer than 3% of the 26 million Ethiopians can read or write. In the beginning, the 120-man Provisional Military Administrative Council that now rules the country gave promise of democratic reform. Today, after months of mismanagement and unrest, the council—known locally as the Dergue (meaning "shadow" in Amharic, Ethiopia's official language) because most of its members are unknown to the public—is at least as unpopular as the Emperor was.

Rural Regeneration. Almost every group in the feudal country has some kind of grievance. Workers were promised ten months ago that their minimum wages of 50c a day would be doubled; they have still not received the increase. Labor leaders who protested at the delay were quickly slapped into prison. Peasants, who have traditionally paid up to 75% of their crops as rent to landlords, were overjoyed at the promise of land reform; now the rent goes to the state instead of the hated landowner. In fact, under the state socialism proclaimed by the Dergue, peasants will never have a chance to acquire land of their own. Last week a decree imposed state control over virtually all the land in Ethiopia, and nationalization of banks and insurance companies seemed only a prelude to widespread takeovers of private commerce and industry as well.

Even the country's leftist students and teachers, who initially welcomed the coup, are unhappy. The universities have been closed, and 60,000 students have been ordered off to the countryside to teach "reading, writing and rural regeneration" to the peasantry. "We have exchanged feudal tyranny for socialist tyranny," one student recently complained to *TIME* Correspondent Lee Griggs.

The Dergue's motto—"Ethiopia First"—has been transformed into a growing campaign against all things foreign, and the country's 35,000 foreign residents are noticeably uneasy. Newspaper editorials regularly attack alien imports and ideologies. Last week the state-owned television station was ordered to stop showing *Bonanza* reruns in favor of "enlightening documentaries" made in China. Foreign women are reluctant to go shopping alone for fear of being jostled, sworn at or spat upon. Beg-

gars have grown more surly and muggings have increased, and certain areas of Addis Ababa have informally been placed off limits to non-Ethiopians.

The Dergue rules the country from the Grand Palace atop one of Addis Ababa's seven hills. The gates and iron fence of the palace are still decorated with imperial designs, but just inside, there are tanks and Jeep-mounted machine guns. "The last time I was inside those gates, little more than a year ago," reports Correspondent Griggs, "pith-helmeted, monkeyskin-clad members of the Imperial Guard handled security, and lackeys in frock coats walked backward, bowing all the while, in the presence of dignitaries. Today those dignitaries are imprisoned in the windowless basement of the Grand Banquet Hall, where Haile Selassie once threw sum-

into a number of ideological, religious and tribal factions, and meetings of the committee are often stormy. Most of the members supported Mengistu's decision to execute 59 leading officials of the old regime in late November (*TIME*, Dec. 9). But many were shocked by Mengistu's action the same night in attacking the home of the Dergue's popular frontman, Lieut. General Aman Michael Andom, provoking a skirmish in which Aman was killed.

The Dergue's most pressing problem at the moment is what to do about the predominantly Moslem northern province of Eritrea, which has been bedeviled by sporadic guerrilla activity ever since it was incorporated into Ethiopia in 1962. The fight for independence is led by the Arab-backed Eritrean Liberation Front, which has 6,000 well-



MAJOR MENGISTU (LEFT) & GENERAL TEFERI BENTI (SECOND FROM LEFT) AT PARADE
Grievances, and a socialist tyranny in exchange for a feudal one.

tuous banquets for 3,000 people at a time." Haile Selassie, 82, is confined to an apartment in one of the palace buildings. He has agreed in principle to put his vast overseas holdings at the disposal of the people but so far has failed to divulge the amount of his wealth or the Swiss banks that are guarding it.

Stormy Meetings. Brigadier General Teferi Benti is Ethiopia's head of state, but the country's real strongman is Major Mengistu Haile Mariam, 32, who has emerged as the most powerful member of the Dergue. A half-caste member of the Galla tribe, Mengistu, who is said to be an ardent socialist, is identified with a pro-Chinese group within the committee. Foreign observers attach some significance to the fact that when the new Chinese ambassador arrived in Addis Ababa last month, virtually the entire committee turned out to greet him. Nonetheless, the Dergue is said to be split

armed fighters in the field. While he was head of state, General Aman, who was himself an Eritrean, tried to solve the problem by granting greater autonomy to the province. Mengistu has bolstered Ethiopian forces in Eritrea and is prepared for a military showdown. His tougher stand triggered a wave of terrorist incidents in both Addis Ababa and the Eritrean capital of Asmara.

The Dergue's dilemma is that it cannot defeat the secessionists militarily, particularly now that they are reinforced with oil money from Libya, Algeria and Kuwait. On the other hand, having so recently deposed Haile Selassie for mismanaging Ethiopia, the Dergue can hardly allow itself to preside over the empire's dissolution. Last week the Dergue announced for the first time that it was willing to negotiate with the secessionists and would accept the offer of Sudanese President Jaafar Numeiry to mediate the twelve-year-old dispute.



NICHOLSON & POLANSKI ON LIFT IN Gstaad

Switzerland's Bernese Oberland was chock-a-block with celebrities last week. Among those on skiing holidays were the **Aga Khan, Audrey Hepburn, Roman Polanski** and **Jack Nicholson**. On the slopes of Crans-Sur-Sierre, **Jackie Onassis**, in a snappy jacket and warmup pants, cut such a dashing figure that at one point she careered downhill and landed in a split. Son John, 14, was more conservative, preferring to give a Bronx cheer to a photographer. In Gstaad, Novice Nicholson was struggling with the subtleties of *wedding*. "He loves zooming downhill," sighed Temporary Instructor Polanski. "His style is like a guy who scratches his left ear with his right hand."

*One morning while I was out shopping
Though you'll find it hard to believe
A little blue man came out of the crowd
And timidly tugged at my sleeve
I wuv you, I wuv you, said the little blue man
I wuv you, I wuv you to bits
I wuv you*

The little blue man is no fool. Gospel-style Singer **June Hunt**, 29, whose first single this is, is the stepdaughter and one of the heirs of the late billionaire **H.L. Hunt**. Last year she signed a five-year contract with the financially troubled Stax Records of Memphis and made her recording debut just before Christmas with rusty-olde *Little Blue Man*. An LP will be released this spring. In the past, June has promoted some of her stepfather's right-wing causes, such as the Youth Freedom Speakers, even as she built her career, singing and playing the guitar in churches. Now she intends to concentrate on music, describing her style as "message-oriented Pop." She sounds just like **Doris Day**, say ad-



JACKIE ONASSIS DOES A SPLIT AT CRANS-SUR-SIERRE

mirers, and has earned a rave from the magazine *Record World*, whose reviewer pronounced her record "a possible giant."

Tom-toms echoed over the Santa Monica mountains. Twenty miles northwest of Beverly Hills, **Marlon Brando** was busy giving back to the Indians some 40 acres of rolling hill country in Agoura. Senator **John V. Tunney**, along with more than a dozen Indians, watched as Marlon turned the deed over to **Semu Huaurte**, medicine man of the 23-tribe Redwind Association. At week's end, though, it appeared that the gift was a bit less generous than it had seemed initially. The land is heavily mortgaged, but Brando's attorney insists that arrangements (so far unspecified) have been made to pay off the debt. Marlon had earlier announced that he was giving back all his property, including his \$150,000 house off Mulholland Drive, an apartment complex in Anaheim worth more than \$250,000, and his share of the 40-acre Illinois farm on which his elder sister, Mrs. **Frances Loving**, lives. Mrs. Loving reacted at first with almost Palestinian bitterness: "It will happen over my dead body." Later, she said she had been joking. "I'm completely approving," she said.

"Oh, you'll take the high road and I'll take the low road, and I'll be in Scotland afore ye." So goes the folk song *Loch Lomond*. Trudging along the low road last week was Uganda's President **Idi** ("Big Daddy") **Amin**. Clearly imbued with the spirit of hogmanay, the President celebrated the birth of his 19th child—14 in wedlock, five out—by firing off letters to U.N. Secretary-General **Waldheim**, Soviet Leader **Brezhnev** and Chinese Chairman **Mao Tse-tung**, asking them to support Scotland's secession from Great Britain. "The lead-



JOHN KENNEDY GIVES A BRONX CHEER

ers of the Scottish Provisional Government have asked me to inform your excellencies," declared Big Daddy, "that England is now bankrupt. Now they are working out plans to exploit Scotland further by grabbing the money to be obtained from North Sea oil."

You have to be born in Brooklyn to like it. And if you like it, you do not want to leave it. So the twelve children, aged eight on up, of **Hugh Carey** went to Albany with mixed feelings last week for their father's inauguration on New Year's Eve as New York's 51st Governor. To take his family northward, Father Hugh hired a bus, and



SIR PELHAM & LADY WODEHOUSE AT HOME

PEOPLE

when the first roadside ALBANY sign was spotted, a cry at the back was heard: "Turn this bus around!" Arriving at the gingerbread mansion that will be their home for at least four years, the Carey kids were even more disconsolate. "Albany is an awful place, isn't it?" said one, and added, "They should change the capital to New York City. Albany has no life. Why, I don't think they even have an ice-cream parlor." The Governor was more concerned with state affairs, so Son Michael, 21, was delegated to be tactful: "There's been a couple of moaners and groaners, but everyone is going along."

There was this roopy old blighter **P.G. Wodehouse**, who should by rights be handing in his dinner pail. Then into the Drones' Club shimmers a cove in soup-and-fish, yipping: "You're going to be a knight, old bean." Last week

"Plum" Wodehouse, 93, was named a knight in the Queen's New Year Honors List, along with that dapper crumpet of a comic **Charlie Chaplin**. A resident of Rensselaer, L.I., and an American citizen since 1956, Plum was stirred to the depths of his being. Forgotten were the World War II slurs that Wodehouse, captured by the Nazis in France in 1940, had collaborated with them. Remembered instead was the image of his creation, languorous Bertie Wooster, who led the Germans so splendidly astray that in 1942 they dropped an agent in Norfolk wearing spats. Wodehouse regrettably declined the invitation to attend the forthcoming investiture because of his age, although Chaplin, a sprightly 85, is already dusting off his topper. "Sir Pelham," however, rolled as easily off the Wodehouse tongue as rannygazoo, the preferred Wooster word for kaffuffle. He



LENNON WITH MAY PANG & JULIAN

added, "It's my wife who likes it most. She loves the idea of being called Lady Wodehouse."

"A Beatle is here!" A rumor swept the crowd of tourists lined up for the "Pirates of the Caribbean" at Walt Disney World near Orlando, Fla. Getting into the spirit of things, **John Lennon**, 34, cried, "Oh, is it George Harrison? Where is he? Where is he?" Then he dropped back into the anonymity he had been enjoying during his Christmas stay in Palm Beach along with his secretary, May Pang, 24, and his son by his first marriage, Julian, 11, who lives in London. "I'd like to go to England to see my son, you know," said Lennon, referring to the efforts of the Immigration and Naturalization Service to deport him from the U.S., which curtail his travel plans. Back in New York, John plans to work hard as director of promotion for the Biomedical Foundation, which specializes in orthopedic research. He hopes to also return to Palm Beach. Said John: "I'd like to own a piece of it."

The briefest New Year's resolutio: White House Press Secretary **Ron Nessen** announced to the press on New Year's morning that he had given up smoking. Ordinarily a two-to-three-pack-a-day man, he had not drawn on a filter for 10½ hours. Clearly pleased with himself, Nessen then walked down the hall to his office, automatically and apparently unconsciously lighting up as he did so.

GOVERNOR CAREY & CHILDREN TAKE OFF FOR ALBANY



How to Find Joy in the Bible

To the Editors:

The faith of your Bible believers [Dec. 30] is the opposite of biblical faith. Biblical faith centers on the gift of grace, asks for adventure and is to be freely enjoyed and shared. TIME's Bible believers count "a literal biblical faith" to be "a badge of honor," are driven by a need for "spiritual security," and pride themselves on being hard-liners, splitters of congregations, book burners in Kana-hwa County, censors in California.

The Bible always solicits faith in God, never in itself. It does not claim for itself inerrancy, which is the invention of these Bible believers. So what does it solve for them? Subscribers to domino theories, they worry about giving something up and seeing everything topple, instead of looking for an increase of faith and hope and love. TIME says that they are reacting to rationalism, but you show them being rationalistic, deciding in advance and on philosophical grounds what kind of Bible they are going to allow their God to use. Instead of basking in their sense of being grasped, they nervously watch the odds on the Bible being true or the percentage of it that is true, as these odds constantly change on a tote board that is dependent on archaeologists and historians.

The grand themes found in the Bible throughout church history are missing: the power and love of God, the high-risk gift of Christ, the Holy Spirit's promise of hope. The current episode of regress will pass. Fortunately, TIME tells us that there is a surge of Bible reading. I hope it leads to what Samuel Sandmel calls *The Enjoyment of Scripture*. In TIME's article, few seem to be enjoying much of anything.

Martin Marty
Chicago

Dr. Marty, a Lutheran, is author of *The Fire We Can Light* and teaches church history at the University of Chicago.

How incongruous: a Christmas issue focusing on our fisticuffs over whether the Bible is human or divine, when the whole nativity scene shows so eloquently that God has become fully human—diapers, crib and all. The manger story means that the divine speaks only through the human. So what is all the fuss about?

I suspect that our society's flight from the Bible arises from the fact that its message makes us squirm—especially those parts about God's siding with the poor, the inept and the outcast. Proud, rich nations do not want to hear about camels and needles' eyes, suffering servants or crucified kings, but the Bible is a part of us. It lives in our language, our mental imagery and above all in our conscience, whether we like it or not.

The scholarly sophisticates analyze its sources or reduce it to "religious literature," somehow managing to avoid its discomfiting demands. The fundamentalists smugly laud its inerrancy about talking snakes and whales' beliefs while they continue to lay up treasures on earth and trample the needy for a pair of shoes.

The Bible is basically a drama and we are all in it. When the author appears onstage after the last scene, he will not ask whether you believed it or whether you analyzed it. He will ask whether you did it.

Harvey Cox
Cambridge, Mass.

The writer, a Baptist, is professor of divinity at Harvard and author of *The Secular City*.

When all the research has been done and all the heavy volumes have been written, the effort to denigrate the Bible will always remain pure speculation.

The unfortunate thing is that some unthinking people trip over the ill-used word scientific and accept conjecture for fact. They erroneously believe that an atheist is a man who has proved that there is no God. In reality, he is simply a man who refuses to believe in God.

Dan Q. Brown
Sandusky, Ohio

For man to question the authenticity of the Bible is comparable to ants pondering the structure of the pyramids and contemplating how to transport them from Egypt to Saudi Arabia!

Mrs. John Elliff
Webb City, Mo.

It was good to read that Jacob Preus has not yet determined the length of the creation days or the age of the earth.

Thus we in the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod are left with liberty of interpretation in these two areas until he arrives at a decision.

(The Rev.) Arthur M. Weber
Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N.Y.

Three cheers for Billy Graham and Jacob A.O. Preus. Not everyone in the institutional church has bowed the knee to Baal.

(The Rev.) Richard M. Morris
Parkway Church of God
Frederick, Md.

"How True Is the Bible?" was a well-balanced treatment of an important theme. I wish you had given some space to the query "How true is the New Testament picture of the Pharisees?" The holy season would have been a good time to set the record straight on the Pharisees, whose vilification in Christian holy writ constitutes one of the most heinous libels in history, as many Christian scholars are now attesting.

Rabbi Samuel M. Silver
Stamford, Conn.

One-Way Universe

The concept of an infinitely expanding universe (Dec. 30) is hardly philosophically disturbing. To the contrary, a cyclic universe, mechanistically doomed forever to repeat itself in entropic stroke and counterstroke is disturbing in its implications of the worth of human existence.

The great mystery of infinite expansion seems to allow hope for progress, human evolution and meaningful change. It is a concept which fits well with TIME's Christmas evaluation of biblical criticism, for it is congruent with the existence of a great God who was, is, and always will be.

J. Scott Hauger
Chicago

"A terrible surprise" indeed! Under the old expanding-contracting theory, man could always look forward to a second chance in 30 billion years or so. Now, with a one-way street, perhaps we ought to do it right the first time.

Kenneth R. Ohm
Sheridan, Wyo.

McCall's "Third Force"

With the economy falling around our ears, the Administration amiably incompetent, and none of the possible Democratic presidential candidates catching fire, Governor Tom McCall's idea of a "third force" in American politics [Dec. 30] sounds appealing.

God knows the nation needs more basic change than either major party proposes. A generation of Government subordination to oil corporations has created a wasteful, vulnerable energy economy. The welfare handouts for agribusiness, known as the farm program, have increased both food prices and hunger. And so on.

But how do we transform these ba-



sically antisocial structures with the urgency that is required? Not by a vague third force. The Democratic Party is where the overwhelming bulk of the reform forces—trade unionists, minorities, women, the issue constituencies—is concentrated. As a Democratic Socialist and an elected delegate to the Socialist Party's recent Kansas City mini-convention, I have no illusion that it is as radical as the times demand. But it is just the only place where a beginning can be made. If Tom McCall wants to be an effective iconoclast, he should quit the party of Hoover, Nixon and Ford and join not a third force, but the only alternative we have—the Democrats.

Michael Harrington, Chairman
Democratic Socialist Organizing
Committee, New York City

The writer was national chairman of the Socialist Party (1968-72) and is author of *The Other America*.

Hooray for Tom McCall! Nobody can be perfect to everybody, particularly in politics, but what McCall has done for Oregon is a monumental achievement. Perhaps the rest of the country could use more environmental conservation and thoughtfulness, and less concrete, plastic, neon and selfishness.

John C. Binley
Diamond Point, N.Y.

I nominate Tom McCall to run for President in 1976 on a People's Party ticket. As far as can be seen at present, it's politics as usual with other aspiring candidates. Most are thinking in terms of what is good for the party. What is needed is a person thinking in terms of what is good for the people.

(The Rev.) K. Jay Bishop
Columbus

Appraising Amnesty

What ever do you mean when you say that the amnesty program seems bound to end with a sense of "sour failure" [Dec. 23]? A generous offer has been made. As to whether these people accept it or not—who cares?

I do not rule out the possibility that some of them may have been genuinely misguided and may now be repentant, and I am very glad that these, if any, have had their chance at rehabilitation. As for the rest, most of us would much prefer that they stay where they are. I am glad that President Ford made his offer, and I am equally glad that the country does not have to reabsorb many of these men. The sour failure looks to me like a smashing success.

D.R. Wilson
Washington, D.C.

You say that the offer to allow draft evaders and deserters to work their way back into American society has produced discouraging results. Discouraging to whom? The walking holders of

the Purple Heart medal? The wrecks who serve out their time in veterans' hospitals? The holders of the Congressional Medal of Honor? The bereaved gold star mothers?

No way!

Edward C. Goodwin
Seaford, Del.

Fast Democracy in Greece

Many Greeks will take exception to the statement in *TIME* [Dec. 9] that "Greece is slowly returning to a democratic form of government."

Since last July the Greeks have sent the colonels packing, received a caretaker government for some weeks, elected a completely democratic government, rejected the return of monarchy, and decided to elect a head of state. Is this "slow" progress toward democracy?

Pericles Kollas
Athens

Litter v. Pollution

Your article "Attack on Litter" [Dec. 23] used terms such as "environmental problem," "plague," "defiling," "mess" and "blight." Your thinking is muddled. Litter is beautiful. Who wants to live in a sterile, well-ordered, Prussian-army-officer-shiny world?

Americans have been hoodwinked by the real polluters. While our cities and towns are dumping unimaginable amounts of raw sewage into our streams and rivers, Boy Scouts pick up harmless beer cans. While automakers demand a relaxation of air pollution standards, happy motorists fill their litter bags with dreaded candy-bar wrappers. While researchers warn that aerosol sprays are destroying ozone, millions are affected by such meaningless campaign slogans as "Every litter bit hurts."

John T. Hallis
Wheaton, Ill.

False Hero

Some people who can accept anything at face value can accept the late Lucio Cabañas, as a Mexican folk hero in the American tradition of Jesse James or Bonnie and Clyde.

But what I cannot swallow is your comparison of Cabañas and Zapata [Dec. 16]. Emiliano Zapata was a man with a legitimate cause who fought against a government of horrendous oppression. The personalities of these men are absolutely incomparable in their historical perspective and should not be carelessly twined. We have had enough erratic hero worship in Latin America.

Eugenia Novelo
Ensenada, Baja California

La Belle Mort

Your account of the private life of Giscard d'Estaing [Dec. 23] mentions *la belle mort* of Third Republic President

Félix Faure (not Fauré) who died at the Elysée Palace while making love to his mistress. The French enjoy relating that the priest who received an urgent summons to attend Faure asked on arrival, "Est-ce qu'il a toujours sa connaissance?" This means, "Is he still conscious?" but can also be understood to mean "Does he still have his acquaintance?" Little doubt exists as to the interpretation given the question by the member of the presidential staff who replied, "No, Father, she just left by the back door." The incident, some believe, gave rise to the expression, "It's the only way to go."

Graham Tucker
Crewe, Va.

Curb Your Werewolf, Please

Throughout mythology and recorded history, animals have figured in religion and mysticism. The Assyrians some 4,000 years ago worshiped gods who were half animal, and the ancient Egyptians deified cats. During the Middle Ages werewolves were real. Today our Halloween witches are accompanied by black cats.

Have our ancestors passed some dollop of DNA carrying a primitive association of animals with our fear of the unknown? By establishing our ownership over pets, do we try to confront the hereafter? By indulging them, do we propitiate the deities?

Perhaps Cerberus does indeed guard the gates of Hell.

R.A. Huebner
Athens, Ga.

No description of "The American Pet" seems adequate without reference to the root of the matter. We are ourselves animals who share the same origins with the rest of animal kind. We have been intimately engaged with other animals for millions of years. We have been eaten by them and we have eaten them. We have feared them and loved them.

In seeking out these fellow creatures we acknowledge our continued dependence upon other species.

Carol Weston Galloway
Cambridge, Mass.

You mention how few dogs there are in China and in Chinese-quarter streets. While visiting Russia, I made the same observation to my Intourist guide. She replied that 1) Russians love animals as much as Americans do, and do own pets; 2) she has a poodle; 3) in Soviet cities dogs are allowed only in certain side streets; 4) the owners have to pick up the souvenirs left by their pets, or else. That would be a sure cure for the problem in the U.S.

Claude Caron
St. Thomas, V.I.

Address Letters to *TIME*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Specialist in Variety

The modern philosopher had told me again and again that I was in the right place, and I still felt depressed even in acquiescence. But I had heard that I was in the wrong place, and my soul sang for joy, like a bird in spring.

—G.K. Chesterton

Charles Black, professor of jurisprudence at Yale Law School and one of the nation's leading constitutional scholars, is having trouble finding a publisher for the book he cares about most. He has no problem with his outpouring of legal prose. His handbook on impeachment, published last summer, has already sold 24,000 copies and is still going strong. W.W. Norton snapped up his newest book, on capital punishment, and rushed it into print just five weeks after getting the manuscript in September. Early next year, Yale University Press will publish a dialogue between Black and his childhood friend, Texas Congressman Bob Eckhardt, on the Constitution in the modern age. Any author would be gratified by such receptivity, but Black is a bit frustrated. No one seems to want to print his second volume of poems.

"You have to find someone who wants to lose money," he laments. "Those people do exist, but they are not numerous." Why the urgency? "Poetry is extremely important to me," says Black. "Except for the family, it is centrally important." His poetry for the most part is dense and mystical, and perhaps makes it easier to understand why Black suffered a nervous breakdown three years ago. In his first volume, *Telescopes and Islands* (1963), and in 250 poems published in small journals, he comments on aspects of man's agonies, simple pleasures and the contradictions in his relationship to nature. Some of the poems are lighter, however. A sample entitled "Reciprocation": "It would be odd/ If a spring took no joy/ In beholding hope gush freshly./ Or if a basaltic mountain/ Did not rest on the comfort of watching/ Human patience in place."

Greek Start. If his poetry bears no resemblance to his lucid work as a constitutionalist, it is central to his view of teaching law. The legal profession, like others, increasingly demands undiverted specialization by its practitioners. Black deplors that fact. "Students need to be told that you can be a lawyer and not be crushed," he says. They need "to

get the idea that people can do other things and still be a lawyer."

Black at 59 is a one-man symposium of "other things." Besides writing poetry, he paints well enough to have a dealer. ("He hasn't sold any of my works," says Black. "It was his suggestion that he become my dealer, not mine.") He is a music lover who each year organizes a Louis Armstrong memorial at the law school. The Texas-born scholar, who still has his drawl, also plays the trumpet and "a pretty good cowboy harmonica." A lifelong devotee of Chesterton's joy at being in the wrong place, Black began his scholarly career as a Greek



YALE LAW SCHOOL'S CHARLES BLACK
Poems, paintings and a pretty good harmonica.

major at the University of Texas. Why Greek? "My guess is that it was to be dramatic," he says now. "When people asked you and you told them, that sort of stopped the conversation."

After getting a master's degree in English, he "messed around for a few years, sat up late and talked a lot." Eventually he showed up at Yale to do graduate work in Old English, got bored and went over to the law school. His father had been a prominent attorney in Austin. Charles Jr. spent one year with a Wall Street firm before turning, in 1947, to teaching at Columbia and liberal legal activism. He helped bring the successful 1954 *Brown* desegregation suit and worked even harder on the subsequent series of sit-in cases in the South.

When he moved to Yale in 1956, he brought along a young equity student of his, Barbara Aronstein, whom he had married. They have three children. She

is now working for a doctorate in legal history, and Black credits her with helping him change his life and move toward serious scholarship. "Read the entry in *Who's Who*. Nothing much turns up until I am 40," he notes.

"I got married a year before that." He did not change his fondness for variety though. With Grant Gilmore, he published a work on admiralty law 18 years ago that remains the standard text in the field; Black still teaches an admiralty course every other year. Otherwise, "I kind of teach one thing, then another." Currently that means a law school torts course and, in alternating years, a course on constitutional law or law and society for undergraduates.

Death Polemic. The Constitution, which he describes as "an intersection of law and politics," is still his first legal love. Over the years he has written dozens of articles and seven books on the nation's charters. A supporter of the Warren Court's constitutional interpretation, Black has moved a logical step farther in his new book, *Capital Punishment: The Inevitability of Caprice and Mistake*. Using "legal ways of thinking," he mounts a polemic against execution—intentionally timed to coincide with the Supreme Court's current consideration of a death-penalty case. "My aim," Black writes, "is to persuade [the reader] that two problems—mistake and arbitrariness in death-penalty cases—are not fringe problems, susceptible to being mopped up by minor refinements in concept and technique, but are at the very heart of the matter and are insoluble by any methods now known or now foreseeable."

Whether he is writing a book, poetry or one of his many lobbying letters to favored politicians, Black's words flow swiftly. His facility, success and extraordinary range have helped bring him "a rich, full life, but it hasn't been easy." The breakdown and a more recent prostate operation "left me with a feeling of the helplessness of people and how terrible and difficult the world is. Life is a hard proposition, and anybody who doesn't see it that way is closing his eyes." Considering Black's record, that observation sounds like the start of yet another intellectual excursion.

Ervin's Speedup Legacy

The Sixth Amendment is most explicit: "In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy... trial." Defense lawyers and hard-nosed cops alike support the principle, in theory at least. The innocent get freed faster, the guilty get put away faster, and the community has a better sense of the *quid pro quo* of punishment for crime.

Nonetheless, in recent years the criminal justice system had fallen far be-

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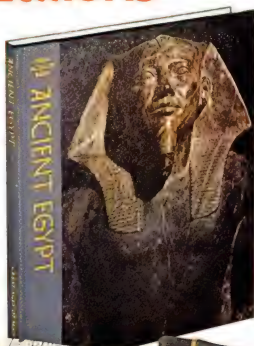
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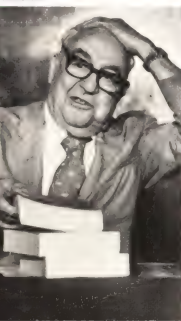
hind. Recently Congress, led by Senator Sam Ervin, passed a little-noticed bill aimed at shortening the delay in federal courts. The new law, signed by President Ford last week, provides that if a defendant is not tried within 100 days of his arrest, the charges against him must be dismissed.

Congress was following the lead of Florida, California and Arizona, among others. Like the laws in those states, the federal measure has some provisos. Any delay sought by the defendant will not count in the time limit. Extensions will be permitted in cases requiring complex pretrial proceedings like psychiatric observation of the accused.

Phased In. The legislators were most concerned about the prospect of hundreds of criminals being turned loose because the court system could not quickly adjust to the new rule. That problem briefly plagued Florida. Two key congressional compromises sought to avoid such difficulties in federal courts. Dismissed charges may be refiled by the prosecution if the judge involved agrees. And the 100-day deadline will not take effect until 1980. Meanwhile, it will be up to Congress to provide the judiciary, public defenders and the Justice Department with extra personnel needed to make the new system work.

The bill was largely the result of four years of effort by Senator Ervin, who, along with John Conyers in the House, helped work out many of the compromises with hesitant fellow legislators. "This process of refinement has developed a bill which carefully balances the rights of the individual and society," Ervin told his colleagues on the Senate floor two weeks ago. They agreed and overwhelmingly gave it final approval. The moment provided a fitting capstone to Ervin's career as a civil libertarian, the vote came on his last day in the Senate.

SAM ERVIN



TELLY SAVALAS



YUL BRYNNER

Bald Is Beautiful

It has long been classified as a disease. The ancient Egyptians tried to cure it with the application of equal dollops of the fat of a lion, a hippopotamus, a crocodile and a serpent. "Ashes of little frogs, applied suddenly, cureth the Fall of Hair," promised another early recipe. Through the receding centuries, man has tried to treat the bane of baldness with elm-tree bark, watercress, onions, creosote, cholesterol and cortisone.

Now, suddenly, a new wind is blowing among the hairless. Not since the days of Yul Brynner's dominion as the King of Siam has the denuded head been so in. Instead of lamenting their defoliated domes, some 1,000 baldies in 42 states and five foreign countries have joined an organization called Bald-Headed Men of America (BHMA). The group, which this month celebrates its first birthday, has a proud credo: If you haven't got it, flaunt it.

Ribald Humor. BHMA's head man, so to speak, is John T. Capp III, 33, of Dunn, N.C., who founded the organization so that bald men could "cultivate a sense of pride and eliminate the vanity associated with the loss of one's hair." Despite its name, BHMA is open to both sexes; all one needs to qualify is a bald spot. So many are applying that Capp is considering holding a national convention of baldies next summer. In the meantime, members like Roy A. Palmer, 41, of Raleigh, N.C., hope to further the bald cause. Says he: "We're a minority. Every business ought to have a bald-headed man." Members also share news and a little ribald humor via BHMA's quarterly publication *Chrome Dome*. Sample: "Baldies were the original streakers. We just started from the top."

The bald look, rather passé in pol-

itics since the days of Dwight Eisenhower and Speaker Sam Rayburn, has again become topical now that Jerry Ford is Head of State. During his recent senatorial campaign, for example, Utah Republican Senator Jake Garn plastered his state with billboards reading "Garn-candid. Garn-decisive. Garn-aware. Garn-bald." He won by 25,000 votes. When some of his constituents suggested that he wear a toupee, California's Democratic Senator Alan Cranston replied: "If I went to all that trouble to cover up my head, editorial writers might theorize that I was covering up something else as well." Other public figures who are flaunting their hairless hairlines: Singer-Composer Isaac Hayes, Comedian Don Rickles, the Oakland Raiders' Otis Sistrunk and America's Cup Skipper Bill Ficker. Unquestionably at the forefront of these notable noggins is television's Kojak, Sex Symbol Telly Savalas. Baldness, says Savalas, "takes us back to Day One and the way we looked when we first came into this world. 'Bald is beautiful' was the first comment we made."

Is bald really beautiful? Indeed it is—at least in the eyes of a bevy of female beholders. "Bald men seem more intelligent," says Mrs. Jake Garn. Says Soprano Beverly Sills: "There's no doubt they're very sexy." Agrees California Beauty Salon Entrepreneur Aida Grey: "A bald-headed man is very exciting." About eight months ago, in fact, Grey became aware of the new trend (particularly, she notes, among attorneys) and developed a special wax treatment that removes any remnant fringe.

In more candid moments, some baldies confide that all is not Brylcreem-less bliss. They are bothered by sunburned scalps and cool breezes. BHMA member Palmer complains that when-

MODERN LIVING

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**FLEA-MARKET FIND IN CALIFORNIA (LEFT),
THRIFT-SHOPPING IN CHICAGO (TOP),
AND BARGAIN-HUNTING IN BOSTON**

ever he eats his favorite spicy Mexican food, his bare scalp sweats profusely. Other baldies confess that their billiard-ball crests age them prematurely. Grieps one: "I was the only kid in the third grade who looked like he was in school on the G.I. Bill." But to most men whose hairlines have disappeared, happiness is a bald head. Says Senator Garn: "God has made very few perfect heads. The rest of them he covered with hair."

Secondhand Chic

At Everybody's, a Manhattan secondhand shop, clerks are becoming used to hordes of shoppers stampeding through the doors each Thursday—the day a fresh supply of items goes on sale. Business has been so good lately at the Junior League Bargain Tree in Portland, Ore., that the store closed down one Saturday for lack of merchandise. At the flea market on the grounds of Miami's Tropicair Drive-In Theater, stalls are booked an unprecedented two weeks in advance. The latest trend in shopping, apparently, is the shift to thrift.

Business at flea markets and thrift shops has doubled, and even tripled, in recent months. At so-called "resale" shops (where the owner and the stores usually split the sale price), customers are streaming in not only to buy goods but to place clothes and furniture of their own on consignment. Much of the secondhand spirit stems directly from the recession. Explains Jane Kilian of the Salvation Army's Red Shield Store in Evanston, Ill.: "Many of our customers are people out of work." Adds Nancy Webster, owner of Nancy's Resale Shoppe in Dallas: "Loads of people who just a few months ago didn't even know

these kinds of shops existed are coming in regularly to look for a bargain."

Some of the bargain hunters could well afford to shop in regular stores, but they have discovered that secondhand can be chic. Says one thrift-shop regular: "My husband is a doctor and we have a maid, so obviously I am not forced to buy in thrift shops. I find it fun. The atmosphere is much friendlier. Everybody is in it together." Mrs. Lee Campbell, who runs Fig Leaf in Arlington, Texas, agrees: "They're bringing in their friends now," she says. "Once, they may not have wanted anyone to know exactly where they found the bargain." Ruth Pollitz, a volunteer salesclerk at the Thrift House for the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies in Manhattan, notes that her shop is "like a club. They come here to get connected." Moreover, she adds, "we're selling dreams. People like to imagine where a piece came from, what kind of house it was in."

Treasure Chests. Secondhand shoppers are discovering that thrift shops are often treasure chests of remarkable goods. Coats with real mink collars are sometimes found among last year's ratty tweeds; Ming vases have been discovered on shelves next to neo-Woolworth butter dishes. Emily Cadra, manager of Everybody's, recalls the time a customer paid \$4 for a small glass nut dish, then announced triumphantly that it was made by Steuben. Another customer returned to gloat that her 50¢ string of pearls had been resold for \$50. Veterans of thrift shops generally agree that there is only one major hazard of secondhand shopping. As Jean Halla of Evanston, Ill., puts it: "Don't put your coat down and walk away. Somebody is likely to buy it."

MUSIC

Prince Igor

The 20th century revival of Baroque music came about, says Harpsichordist Igor Kipnis, "for all the wrong reasons." One of the most wrong was the notion that the Baroque was a perfect antidote for the excesses of 19th century romanticism. Performers played the reborn works of the 17th and early 18th centuries in an unemotional, almost mechanical fashion. The sound seemed orderly and neatly stitched: "Sewing machine music in other words," says Kipnis. If the Baroque revival continues today with greater force than ever, the reason is that Kipnis, 44, and others like him have finally proved that the Baroque contains some of the most affecting hand-sewn works in all music.

What the Baroque is really all about can be gleaned from the original use of the French word *baroque* to describe irregular or misshapen pearls. Explains Kipnis: "In Baroque music of Bach, Handel and Rameau, the pearls are the musical forms—such as the sonata, the *concerto grosso* or the *da capo* aria. Trills, other ornaments, colorful dissonance, wildly uneven rhythms—all these are devices that create tremendous tension, yank the listener back and forth and leave him in anything but absolute comfort."

To perform such music, the player must have a flawless ability to shape the form, then a knack for making embellishments sound both natural and exciting. Kipnis has both these talents in

abundance. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any harpsichordist now performing can match his particular combination of formal restraint, interpretive flair and sheer energy. Certainly that was the case last week as Kipnis made a successful New York Philharmonic debut playing two diverse works under Conductor Pierre Boulez—Bach's *Brandenburg Concerto No. 5* and Falla's *Harpsichord Concerto* (1926).

Under the Finger. Though written centuries apart, the Bach and Falla concertos succeed because neither tries too hard to make the harpsichord do things it is not supposed to do. "Too many 20th century composers think of the harpsichord as a piano or as a percussion instrument. They expect you to bang very hard on it," says Kipnis. The impressionism of Debussy or Delius, which calls for a dreamy, sustained tone, simply will not work on a harpsichord. A stride bass can sound downright laughable. The technique of the harpsichordist exists entirely in the fingers, not partly in the arms as with a pianist. The music must be written so that it lies, as Kipnis puts it, "all under the fingers." The special gift of the harpsichord is its startling ability to define close-set contrapuntal strands, together with its staccato brilliance.

How Kipnis became a harpsichordist is something even he is not sure of today. One thing was certain when he was a boy: he was not going to be a singer. His father is the great Ukrainian-born basso Alexander Kipnis, now 83 and living in Westport, Conn.

Igor finally committed himself to the harpsichord in the late 1950s, after graduating from Harvard and taking such odd jobs as picking the Top 40 hits at a radio station. His father was puzzled: "The piano, yes. But the harpsichord? How can you make a career on an ancient relic?"

Today Igor ranks as the foremost harpsichordist of the day. In addition to his appearances with the Philharmonic and the Chicago Symphony this season, he will give 40 or so recitals across the U.S., arriving for each concert with his 10-ft.-long Rutkowski and Robinette harpsichord neatly bundled inside a Chevrolet Sportvan. Between 1964 and 1971, Kipnis made 14 superlative discs for Epic and Columbia—notably a choice LP of short works, *The Harmonious Blacksmith*, that remains the best single recorded introduction to the instrument and its music. This week Angel, for whom Kipnis has recorded since 1972, releases a two-LP album called *The English Harpsichord*. Company officials are so pleased with Kipnis that they recently tore up a new two-year contract and rewrote it for five. Says Kipnis: "I like the wildly uneven rhythm of that."

■ William Bender



LITTLE & LASKY IN ALL OVER TOWN

THE THEATER

Dipsy Doodle

ALL OVER TOWN
by MURRAY SCHISGAL

Murray Schisgal commands the last manic outpost of the theater of the absurd. He can be terribly funny—provided his audience possesses sympathy with the dipsy doodlers of this world.

In terms of dramatic biodynamics, Schisgal has attempted to fuse the zany family comedy of *You Can't Take It with You* with the door-slammng wackiness of Feydeau's geometrically composed bedroom-chases-cum-orgies. Unfortunately, Schisgal's characters are as charmless as unthreaded spools, and he has yet to learn the primal lesson of the Feydeau farce: comic tension depends on who is hiding behind the door rather than who breezes casually through it.

Sexually irresponsible. The plot is thin. A young man named Louie (Zane Lasky) has impregnated five women, sired nine children by them and cast their support on the bowed back of the U.S. taxpayer. A black deliveryman, Lewis (Cleavon Little), is mistaken for this paragon of sexual irresponsibility, and his favors are courted by a family whose minds and hearts consist of liberal mush.

While Lasky and Little are tangy with comic flavor, Schisgal's shining angel for 1975 is Dustin Hoffman, making his debut as a director. Moving 18 actors with the agility of an Osterizer, Hoffman proves that he is only a laugh-bait away from the comedic ingenuity of Mike Nichols.

■ T.E. Kalem

HARPSICHORDIST KIPNIS AT LINCOLN CENTER





HUTTERITES OUTSIDE DWELLING IN 16TH CENTURY WOODCUT FROM HUTTERITE SOCIETY

RELIGION

History and Theology: The Taproots Flourish

To judge from many a bookstore's religion shelf today, most of the U.S. reading public is variously interested in the occult (Edgar Cayce books; *The Exorcism Series*), pop piety (Joey Adams' *The God Bit*), sensationalized biblical "research" (*The Jesus Parry*) or some aspect of esoteric Eastern religion.

The enthusiasm for chic new areas and bland old ones in religious publishing appears, however, not to have harmed solid, scholarly work in the theology and history of traditional Western religions. Indeed, commercial publishers seem to be unabashedly using frothy products to subsidize more substantial works, and university presses are contributing an increasing amount of important new religious reading.

The University of Chicago Press, for example, is publishing Church Historian Jaroslav Pelikan's magisterial five-volume series on the development of Christian doctrine, *The Christian Tradition*. It recently issued Lutheran Pelikan's second volume, *The Spirit of Eastern Christendom* (329 pages; \$16.50), a careful distillation of Eastern Orthodoxy's contribution to Christian thought. Princeton University Press will soon bring out a massive survey called *Religious Movements in Contemporary America* (900 pages; \$25), which ranges from Scientology to Krishna Consciousness. An earlier entry from Yale University Press, Historian Sydney E. Ahlstrom's huge but very readable *A Religious History of the American People* (1,158 pages; \$19.50), has already become a standard. Among other notable new works of history and theology

HUTTERITE SOCIETY, by John A. Hostettler (Johns Hopkins University Press; 403 pages; \$14). The stern Amish and their more moderate Mennonite

brothers are better known than the Hutterites, another wing of German Anabaptists, whose long religious journey led them to Moravia, Transylvania and Russia before they came to North America in the last century. Hostettler, an anthropologist and sociologist at Temple University, comes from an Amish background and has already demonstrated his expertise in the well-known 1963 study called *Amish Society*. His new book draws an impressive picture of a people who share the general Anabaptist rejection of worldly frills and pleasures, but who have a special distinction of their own—a strict devotion to communal living that has endured with little change for more than four centuries. The Hutterites now number 22,000 and live in agricultural colonies mainly in the Northwestern and North Central U.S. and on the prairies of Canada. They are growing. When last measured in the 1950s, the Hutterites' median family size was an astonishing 10.4 children.

THE CRUCIFIED GOD, by Jürgen Moltmann (Harper & Row; 346 pages; \$10). Even when he was lecturing in the U.S. after publication of his *Theology of Hope* in 1967, this German Protestant theologian offered no vision of an easily won future: behind the hope of Christ's Resurrection, he insisted, lay the dark courage of the Crucifixion. Now Moltmann takes a long, measured look at the God who became man and an outlaw, "a scandal to the devout and a disturber of the peace in the eyes of the mighty." Learnedly and often ardently written, *The Crucified God* is an intellectual delight. Moltmann ranges over history, literature and philosophy to explore the fundamental alienation of the Cross, in which God paradoxically "takes upon himself the eternal death of the godless



SAINT-MARTIN-DU-CANIGOU MONASTERY

and the godforsaken, so that all the godless and godforsaken can experience communion with him." Moltmann forces the reader to face the difficult central questions of Christian faith and action in the light of that Cross, and creates a consummate theological work.

MODELS OF THE CHURCH, by Avery Dulles (Doubleday; 216 pages; \$5.95). Unusually popular for a work of theology, this book is already in its fourth printing. Jesuit Dulles, a leading U.S. Catholic theologian, writes cogently on the pros and cons of five current theories of ecclesiology (the theology of the nature of the church), making the proceedings accessible to laymen. Because ecclesiology underlies many other current debates in Christianity—such as ecumenism, authority and hierarchy, secular v. sacred mission—the book is important. In particular, Dulles rejects the "institutional" model that characterized Catholicism until recent years, while seeing some value in the church's emphasis on continuity with the past and maintenance of a corporate identity.

THE MONASTIC WORLD, by Christopher Brooke, photographs by Wim Swaan (Random House; 272 pages; \$35). Pictorially, this is as exhilarating and artful a presentation of Christian monastic structures as any popular volume ever before assembled. It includes not only such oft-visited sites as Assisi and Mont-Saint-Michel but also monasteries that seem more like eagles' aeries, such as Saint-Martin-du-Canigou in southern France. The text, moreover, is a lucid, sympathetic but judicious treatise on the monastic life and its reverberations in society, written by Medievalist Brooke, a historian at London University.

RELIGION AND SEXISM, edited by Rosemary Radford Ruether (Simon and Schuster; 356 pages; \$3.95 paperback, \$9.95 hardback). Those who seek the

roots of sexism in Judaism and Christianity can find plenty of them in this collection of essays edited by Theologian Ruether, a Roman Catholic and an outspoken feminist. Eleven scholars—ten women and one man—investigate various, mostly pejorative images of women in Old and New Testaments, in canon law, in the thought of the Church Fathers, medieval scholastics, Protestant Reformers and even such modern theologians as Karl Barth and Paul Tillich. In this collection, at least, Tillich is one of the few male thinkers to emerge relatively unscathed.

Troubled Reconciliation

In the spirit of the Holy Year's theme of reconciliation, the Vatican last week made public a new set of guidelines to improve relations between Roman Catholics and Jews. Despite the document's amicable intentions, its initial reception was lukewarm. Jewish leaders criticized it for omissions or what they perceived as overtones of Catholic evangelism, and Vatican spokesmen found themselves on the defensive.

The guidelines, issued by a two-month-old Vatican Commission for Religious Relations with the Jews, were intended to implement a declaration by the Second Vatican Council in 1965 which, among other things, had declared that all Jews could not be blamed for the death of Jesus. That document, for which Jews like the late Theologian Abraham Joshua Heschel had long labored, also called for building positive relations between the two faiths.

The guidelines candidly admit that Jewish-Christian relations "have scarcely ever risen above a monologue." To help promote a "real dialogue," they emphasize ways to bury residual Catholic prejudice and misunderstanding. An important section on education warns that "the Old Testament and the Jewish tradition founded upon it must not be set against the New Testament in such a way that the former seems to constitute a religion of only justice, fear and legalism, with no appeal to the love of God and neighbor." It then cites biblical passages to demonstrate the love of both in Judaism.

Full Meaning. A section on liturgy warns that Catholic preachers must carefully explain biblical references about Jews that could be understood as pejorative characterizations of the whole people, as for example in the Gospel according to John. The guidelines point out that Old and New Testaments "illuminate and explain each other," yet they also state that "the New Testament brings out the full meaning of the Old."

It is that note of superiority, together with a declaration that "the church must preach Jesus Christ to the world," that irritated a number of Jewish leaders. In a statement of reply, the International Jewish Committee for Interreligious Consultations welcomed the

guidelines' "urgent condemnation of anti-Semitism and discrimination," but objected to "the suggestion that Judaism look outside its own doctrine and dogmas for fulfillment." It also questioned the compatibility of Christian evangelization with the guidelines' assertion that "dialogue demands respect for the other as he is."

Rabbi Marc H. Tanenbaum, long-time ecumenical envoy between Jews and Christians, praised some aspects of the guidelines as "constructive," but took grave exception to other parts. Tanenbaum said that "no self-respecting Jew" could live with passages that "imply a religious 'second-class status' for Judaism. What especially grieved Tanenbaum and other Jewish critics was the guidelines' silence on Jewish historic and spiritual ties to the land of Israel. Any definition of contemporary Judaism that does not consider "the inextric-



RABBI ABRAHAM HESCHEL WITH POPE PAUL VI
No links with the land.

cable bonds of God, People, Torah and Promised Land," wrote Tanenbaum, "risks distortion of the essential nature of Judaism."

The omission of any direct reference to Israel's place in Judaism was a victory for factions in the Vatican Secretariat of State who are known to favor better relations with Arab states. To Jews, it appeared to be a clear step backward from an earlier working draft of guidelines in 1969—leaked at that time to the press but subsequently shelved—which urged Christians to "respect the religious significance of this link between the people and the land." Tanenbaum and other Jewish leaders are scheduled to meet this week in Rome with their Vatican counterparts, and that link between Jews and Israel will doubtless loom large in their conversations.

A Decade of Change

Do U.S. Roman Catholics still believe that parochial schools have a place in modern life? Despite some fall-off in attendance at the schools, the answer was a resounding yes from 89% of nearly 1,000 subjects surveyed by the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center. But that is one of the few Catholic opinions to remain firm over the past decade. In a report just published in the *Critic*, Priest-Sociologist Andrew M. Greeley and three colleagues compared the results of the new survey with a roughly parallel poll taken in 1963 and found that many Catholic habits and attitudes had changed.

RELIGIOUS DEVOTION. Seventy-one percent of the Catholics surveyed in 1963 attended weekly Mass. Now only 50% go. Why the drop? Few are repelled by changes in the liturgy, such as the English Mass. The "new church," in fact, is widely approved. Most who stay away from church say that they do so because they are working, too old or tired, or simply lazy. Furthermore, only 53% now think that missing Mass is "certainly" a sin for those who can easily attend. On the other hand, in the new survey, 6% of those questioned had attended a Catholic Pentecostal prayer meeting, a figure that if extrapolated to the U.S. Catholic population, would put the number of charismatic experimenters at well over 2 million. In another upward trend, recipients of weekly communion have doubled, from 13% to 26%.

SEXUALITY. A decade ago, 45% of Catholics approved artificial contraception. Now a full 83% approve it. Only 12% of Catholics approved sexual relations between an engaged couple in the 1963 survey; by 1974 the number approving had jumped to 43%. Remarriage after divorce was accepted by 52% a decade ago, but by 73% in the new survey. Approval of an action for others, however, does not mean that Catholics would necessarily act the same way themselves. Fully 70% of the survey respondents, for example, thought that legal abortion should be available for married women who did not want more children, but 73% of the women interviewed declared that they definitely would not have an abortion themselves. As for a married clergy, 79% said that they would favor such a change.

AUTHORITY. Along with its teaching on sex, both the church's authority and its image have lost ground. In 1963, a solid 70% thought that it was "certainly true" that Jesus handed over the leadership of his church to Peter; ten years later that proportion had fallen to 42%. Only 32% of Catholics now subscribe fully to the dogma of papal infallibility. The old fascination with religious vocations has also dimmed. A decade ago, two-thirds of the respondents said that they would be very pleased if their son became a priest. Now only half of those queried felt the same way.



BROOKS SQUARING OFF AGAINST MODEL OF HIS FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Blazing Brooks

He is a short, thick-chested, cinnamon-gum-chomping cinematic subversive, dedicated to the perpetration of mindlessness over matter. His films are collages of chaos seemingly cut out by some giant pair of deranged scissors, pitiless assemblages of sight gags, smart cracks and terrible puns. A hard-riding posse of cowhands is held up by a single-file tollbooth in the middle of the Great Western Desert. A sweet, about-to-be-married young thing brushes her hair in the moonlight and bellows out *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Mel Brooks is not a subtle man.

His punch lines can be seen coming a mile away. Good and bad gags are pushed indiscriminately. He is often tasteless—certainly he has a four-year-old's overestimation of the comic possibilities in the word doo-doo. But when he is good he is splendid, and he is the only commercial American film maker today (with the occasional exception of Woody Allen) working in the low-comedy, slapstick tradition of Buster Keaton and the Marx brothers.

Taps in Taps. Brooks is a 24-hour clown who never stops performing. On the set, directing one of his own gags, he crumples to the floor and lies there clutching his sides with laughter. Between takes he lurches into an imaginary swordfight with one of his actors. Minutes later he is airily winging it through Gene Kelly's *Singin' in the Rain* dance sequence, crying at top volume, "Fellini and Dick Lester are great directors, but are they tops in taps?"

As a writer and performer, Brooks, 48, has a 25-year string of credits that includes television's *Your Show of Shows*, the creation of the *Get Smart* series and, with Carl Reiner, the comedy record al-

bums of *The 2000 Year Old Man*. When he turned to film making, he promptly won two Oscars, one for his short film *The Critic* (1963), the second for the story and screenplay of *The Producers* (1968). But *Producers* and his second feature, *The Twelve Chairs*, were box office flops, beloved by only a small but fanatic band. Last year, however, he broke out of the cult category with *Blazing Saddles*, a western that slings outrageous shots at—among other things—patriotism, religion and Marlene Dietrich.

Saddles is expected to gross around \$25 million and the just released *Young Frankenstein* (TIME, Dec. 30), says the unblinkingly immodest Brooks, "will nail my reputation." Especially among the young, he adds, noting the enthusiastic reception that the seven-to-twelve set gave *Frankenstein* at sneak previews. "I'll be the new Disney. We're going to launch a whole new generation of Mel Brooks freaks."

Brooks' comedy career began on the schoolyard circuit—a bright, bookish, undersized Brooklyn kid who learned fast that he could keep bigger boys at bay by making them laugh. In his early teens he was touring Catskills resorts as a stand-up comic and drummer. At 30 he was making \$2,500 a week writing *Your Show of Shows* with his old Catskills pal Comedian Sid Caesar.

Tension, Tension. If his genius is joyous insanity, his approach is in painstaking earnest. He spends more than a year laboring on each script. "What you're after," he explains, "is to make a Mount Whitney of a picture. What you settle for is a wonderful snowball." The time in between, he says, is agony—"compression, remodeling and restructuring—tension, tension, tension."

Like many other successful comics, he does not like to be taken lightly

When critics panned his first movie, *The Producers*, Brooks claimed "bleeding wounds for two years." Today he insists that he, more than Woody Allen, is the funnyman's intellectual. "I don't want to make just another movie," he says. "I want to make trouble. I want to say in comic terms, *J'accuse*. We dealt with bigotry in *Saddles* and with neo-Fascism in *Producers*. Underneath the comedy in *Frankenstein*, the doctor is undertaking the quest to defeat death—to challenge God. Our monster lives, therefore he wants love too. He's really very touching in his lonely misery." Is Brooks serious about all this? Maybe, but his cure for the poor fellow's isolation is to replace those circa-Karloff lug bolts in his neck with a circa-Courreges zipper, and to have the heroine swooningly discover that his "of zipper neck" is not his only monstrously proportioned part.

Frankenstein is the first film of a three-picture deal with 20th Century-Fox that allows Brooks "to make a living with no artistic restraints." Married since 1964 to Actress Anne Bancroft (friends jokingly call them Beauty and the Beast), Brooks lives quietly in Beverly Hills. When he is not working on a script he works on his friends ("If he's not feeding you," says one of them, "he's telling you what kind of car or clothes to buy"). He is still a passionate reader, especially of 19th century Russian novels: "My God, I'd love to smash into the casket of Dostoyevsky, grab that bony hand and scream at the remains: 'Well done, you goddam genius.'"

Viewpoints

THE ASCENT OF MAN. PBS. Tuesday, January 7, 8:30 p.m. E.S.T. The first episode of this ambitious series, Jacob Bronowski's "personal view" of the development of civilization, carries the gloomy foreboding that the viewer may be in for a three-month brush-up course in anthropology—no bad thing, perhaps, but not an exciting prospect either. Bronowski in Ethiopia's Omo Valley musing over the cranial capacity of our earliest ancestors, Bronowski reflecting on the first stirrings of the artistic impulse before the cave paintings at Altamira—it is all ground that other popularizers have covered. Though he makes an engagingly earnest guide, other cultured minds have already taken short trips over the same territory.

The opening program, however, should be taken with a grain of patience. In the next episode, freed from the obligation to pump out basic information, Bronowski is off to Jericho and an examination of agriculture as the basis for civilization. This is one of those undramatic notions whose miraculous qualities have faded with familiarity. Bronowski restores the vital and mysterious dimension with a simple tactic. He prece-
des his superb little essay on the domestication of wheat and animals in Jericho with a study of the Bakhtiari

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nomads of Iran, whose endless search for pasturage precludes the development of any culture worthy of the name. He then focuses on other nomads who domesticated only one animal—the horse—and turned it into the basis of a new and terrible art, that of warfare. Bronowski is critical of ethologists who insist that man has some inborn instinct for organized violence. War, he says, is nothing but "a highly planned cooperative effort of theft," rationalized by "the predator posing as hero." Cultures that live by the sword alone "can only feed on the labors of other men." They inevitably die, often because they are absorbed by the gentler, more intelligent civilizations they came to conquer.

Bronowski, who was born in Poland, went to England as a child and received his doctorate in mathematics at Cambridge. He turned to his self-appointed



BRONOWSKI AT LONDON PARK
Restoring the mystery.

task of blending science and human values after working on a statistical study of the devastation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by the atom bomb. While continuing his scientific research, most recently at the Salk Institute in San Diego, he turned out a wide variety of books including *The Western Intellectual Tradition* and two volumes on William Blake.

The Ascent of Man is determinedly antiromantic. Stability, that homeliest of virtues, was for him the one essential condition for civilization's great leaps forward. His insistence on this point forms valuable corrective to the more dramatic visions of historical development that frequently titillate us today. Bronowski died last August of a heart attack at age 66. *The Ascent of Man* is an excellent introduction as well as a last testament by one of the most valuable travelers between the scientific and the literary cultures. ■ Richard Schickel

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COVER STORY

CONQUERING THE QUIET KILLER

Fayore Curry, 47, a Chicago mental health worker whose unlined face and trim figure belie her age, knew from her first pregnancy at age 21 that she had high blood pressure. But it was not until two years ago that she realized what it meant. One day, a friend told her that she was slurring her words; her boy friend noticed that she was limping; she herself noticed that she could not comb her hair. She then drove to a hospital, where she learned that she had suffered a stroke.

John Wilson, 57, a black construction worker from Katy, Tex., enjoyed vigorous good health until 1971, when he suddenly began complaining about feeling weak. A visit to his doctor quickly revealed why: his blood pressure was dangerously high, and unless it was brought down quickly, Wilson risked death from a stroke or heart attack.

Ann Naan, 60, a secretary for the American Heart Association in New York City, learned from her doctor during a postoperative checkup that her blood pressure was slightly elevated. About a year later she began to be short of breath, and a screening of A.H.A. staffers revealed that her blood pressure had risen dangerously.

Curry, Wilson and Naan are all victims of hypertension, a medical term that seems to suggest nervous disorder but really means high blood pressure. They are more fortunate than most of the 23 million people in the U.S. alone estimated by the A.H.A. to be suffering from the disease. They know about their condition and are under treatment. Most hypertensives are not even aware that they are being stalked by a quiet killer that often produces no symptoms until it is too late. The A.H.A. believes that less than half of all hypertensives know that they have high blood pressure. Even worse, according to the A.H.A., only half the hypertensives who are aware of their illness are under treatment to control their blood pressure, and of these, only half are getting the proper therapy.

For the remainder, the consequences can be fatal. The damage produced by hypertension may well be the nation's leading cause of death. Heart attacks and strokes kill more Americans than the other leading causes of death combined: cancer and accidents. High blood pressure alone is listed as the primary cause of only 60,000 deaths a year. But hypertension, which rarely appears on death certificates, is the underlying cause of hundreds of thousands of other deaths. Heart disease will claim an es-

timated 600,000 Americans in 1975, and hypertension is the major contributor to heart disease. Strokes will hit an estimated 2 million Americans and kill some 200,000 this year; hypertension is the leading cause of stroke. Kidney disease may account for as many as 60,000 deaths in 1975; hypertension is the major contributor to kidney disease. An untreated hypertensive is four times as likely to have a heart attack or a stroke as someone with normal blood pressure and twice as likely to develop kidney disease. Thousands of Americans will have their eyesight impaired, suffer from internal hemorrhages or miss work because of hypertension.

High blood pressure is no respecter of age or sex; men and women are almost equally susceptible to the disorder. It strikes the powerful as well as the poor. King Charles II of England and his mistress Nell Gwynn both died from the complications of severe hypertension; so did such modern-day statesmen as Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt and Joseph Stalin. Hypertension hits the young as well as the middle-aged; doctors have found a surprising number of cases of high blood pressure among teen-agers and "swinging singles" and have even detected the disease in young children.

It is no surprise that for the nation's life insurance companies, measurement of blood pressure is the most important factor used in predicting life expectancy. Actuarial charts are based on figures that offer grim testimony to the effects of hypertension: at any given age, the higher the blood pressure, the shorter the life expectancy (see chart page 64).

The irony is that many of the deaths that can be traced to high blood pressure are, in fact, avoidable. Doctors may not be able to cure cancer or the common cold, but modern medicine can now treat virtually every case of hypertension, from the mildest to the most severe, effectively and relatively inexpensively.

Much of the credit for this successful treatment belongs to a perky professor of medicine named John Henry Laragh.

Best known for untangling the hormonal relationships that control blood pressure, Laragh, 50, pioneered in the treatment of high blood pressure by founding the nation's first hypertension center, at Manhattan's Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in 1971. Now he is expanding both his research and clinical interests into new fields. Last

week he left Presbyterian Hospital, where he was vice chairman of the board of trustees for professional and scientific affairs, to assume an endowed professorship at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. There he will intensify his assault on hypertension and other circulatory disorders as director of a new cardiovascular center that has been organized to study and



INFANT UNDERGOING SCREENING

treat the entire circulatory system

Laragh's move comes at an appropriate time. Medicine is better equipped than it has ever been to handle hypertension. Yet the disease remains perhaps the most neglected of health problems. Many physicians, in fact, still believe that moderately elevated blood pressure need not be treated. Laragh is determined to change all that. "Hypertension does not have to be the single leading factor in disability and death in the U.S. today," he insists. "We have the means to control it. What we have to do is use them. We're ready for an all-out attack."

That attack has been a long time coming, for high blood pressure has been an enemy of man throughout recorded history. A Chinese medical text dating back to 2600 B.C. noted that a diet high in salt (now known to affect blood pressure) could cause changes in pulse and complexion. The Bible contains several accounts of paralysis and apparent stroke that may well have been the re-



DR. JOHN LARAGH IN LABORATORY

sults of hypertension. But it was not until the 17th century that the great English anatomist William Harvey provided the foundation for the understanding of blood pressure by mapping the human circulatory system. And not until the beginning of the 20th century did physicians develop a practical means of measuring the pressure that pushes blood through the body: the sphygmomanometer (see box page 62). The link between high blood pressure and fatal illness was not documented until 1929, when a Harvard physician, Dr. Samuel Albert Levine, noted that of 145 heart attack patients, 60% had been hypertensive.

Until Levine's discovery, many doctors believed that elevated blood pressure was actually necessary to help force blood through aging arteries. Since then, they have become considerably more sophisticated about both blood pressure and its effects on the body.

The adult human body has some 60,000 miles of blood vessels. As the body's blood (five quarts or more in the average adult) is driven through a network of arteries, capillaries and veins by the pumping action of the heart, it exerts force on the walls of these vessels. Without the pressure generated by the

mally, the circulatory system has few problems. Blood pressure rises during exercise or excitement, falls during sleep or relaxation. Like pipes in a plumbing system, the arteries can tolerate high pressure for brief "surges." But when the pressure persists, damage is likely

One area where hypertension is particularly hazardous is the brain. High blood pressure can cause a rupture or blowout of an artery feeding the brain. When it does, part of the brain is deprived of its blood supply and thus its oxygen. The resulting damage is called a stroke. High blood pressure also forces the heart to work harder, for it must pump against increased resistance. The overworked organ may enlarge, demanding more oxygen than the system can provide; the chest pains of angina pectoris or even damage to irreplaceable heart muscle may soon follow. Or the enlarged heart may be unable to empty itself against the pressure of blood in the arteries, causing fluid to accumulate behind the heart, in the lungs and extremities. In either case, the result will be the same: a heart attack that can cripple or kill its victim. In a chicken-and-egg situation, high blood pressure can also trigger complex mechanisms that will reduce blood flow to the kidneys. That, in turn, reduces the capacity of the kidneys to help rid the body of its waste material, and the kidneys themselves may eventually fail.

For all their increasing ability to control high blood pressure, doctors are still not sure what causes it. Some cases of hypertension stem from kidney disease. Others can be traced to a condition called coarctation or pinching of the aorta, the main artery leading from the heart. A handful of cases have been attributed to pheochromocytomas and other tumors on the adrenal glands that cause overproduction of certain hormones involved in blood-pressure control. But all these conditions together probably do not account for more than 5% of hypertension victims. Most cases are described by doctors as "essential"—medical jargon meaning not that the condition is necessary or indispensable, only that its cause cannot be identified.

Nonetheless, researchers have discovered several factors that are almost surely involved in essential hypertension. Among them:

OBESITY. Excess weight, whether it is only a few extra pounds or many, may bring an increase in blood pressure. It takes a mile of capillaries to nourish each extra pound of fatty tissue. With each extra pound, there is a corresponding increase in blood volume. This means that the heart must work harder to pump more blood through a more extensive circulatory system.

HEREDITY. No researchers will go so far as to say that hypertension is inherited like, say, blue eyes or an aquiline nose. But most feel that heredity plays



WOMAN HAVING BLOOD PRESSURE CHECKED DURING VISIT TO DENTIST

heart, oxygen-carrying blood could not be forced up to the brain or out to the muscles; the blood could not be returned to the lungs for reoxygenation or passed through the membranes of the kidneys for filtration and excretion of wastes.

To function properly, the body must carefully control blood pressure through a number of complex mechanisms. Baroreceptors—clusters of pressure-sensitive cells scattered throughout the arterial system—respond to changes in pressure and signal the nervous system to make the necessary adjustments. The nervous system in turn helps lower or raise pressure by 1) expanding or dilating arterioles, the smallest branches of arteries, or 2) retarding or speeding up the heart's beat and changing its force of contraction.

When these systems function nor-



BLACKS EATING SOUL FOOD IN NEW YORK

MEDICINE

some role in high blood pressure. Those whose parents are hypertensive are far more likely to have high blood pressure than those whose parents have normal blood pressure.

DIET. Modern studies have strengthened the connection between salt intake and pulse changes. Tribesmen in Africa, who eat almost no salt, rarely if ever develop high blood pressure. But in northern Japan, where people eat around 50 grams of salt a day, half the population dies of strokes, a common complication of high blood pressure.

To Laragh, the explanation is obvious. "Salt is the hydraulic agent of life," he explains. "It is salt that holds the water in humans, causes swelling and a high fluid volume. This means an increased blood pressure." It does indeed. Doctors have known since 1900 that lowering salt intake drops a patient's blood pressure, and most doctors agree that Americans eat too much salt. One of the first things a doctor tells, or should tell, a hypertensive patient is to throw away his salt shaker.

RACE. For reasons that remain to be fully determined, blacks are particularly prone to hypertension. According to the

A.H.A., one out of every four adult black Americans has high blood pressure, compared with one out of seven adult whites. Some scientists theorize that blacks are genetically incapable of handling the large amounts of salt that are found in a diet rich in pork and highly seasoned soul food. Others suggest that the pressures of being black in America are enough to cause the disease. Indeed, a common joke among blacks is "If you're black and you ain't paranoid or suffering from hypertension, you don't know what's going on."

STRESS. Though many of those with apparently complete control over their emotions have high blood pressure, researchers have found that there is a relationship between stress and hypertension. Blood pressure normally rises with excitement or alarm. In most people, the pressure drops when the excitement is over. But according to one theory, in many the level drops by smaller increments, eventually stabilizing at a higher level than before. Significant increases in blood pressure were recorded among Russians who survived the siege of Leningrad and Texans who survived the Galveston Harbor holocaust in 1970.

Similar increases might well be found among people concerned by the current economic situation. A study has revealed that men facing the loss of their jobs experienced increases in blood pressure that lasted through the period of unemployment and did not drop until they found work again.

Until the end of World War II, doctors treated hypertensives, if they treated them at all, mainly by diet. Patients with high blood pressure were told to take off weight and lower their salt intakes. Some patients were put on an almost totally salt-free rice diet so unappealing that most of them abandoned it as soon as they left the hospital and medical supervision. A handful of doctors even tried surgery to depress blood pressure. The operation was called a sympathectomy; it cut certain nerves leading to the organs of the chest and abdomen on the theory that this would relax the arterioles. It did but only temporarily; the arterioles soon responded to hormonal signals to constrict.

Today doctors treating hypertension rarely resort to surgery; drugs are the therapy of choice. One of the first of the new drugs in the medical armory was discovered by Dr. Edward Freis, a researcher with the Veterans Administration. He had noted from test reports that large doses of an antimalarial drug called pentaquine dramatically lowered the blood pressures of normal men. Figuring that it might do the same for hypertensives, Freis administered it to a patient with severely elevated blood pressure. It worked, and although the patient eventually died of kidney failure (the organ had been badly damaged by his hypertension), his case demonstrated the practicality of drug treatment.

Since then, a host of other antihypertensive drugs have been introduced. Some, such as hexamethonium and chlorisondamine, are blocking agents. They work by interfering with the nerve signals and chemical reactions that cause blood vessels to constrict and raise blood pressure. Others, like hydralazine, are relaxers that seem to act directly on the muscle walls of the blood vessels, causing them to dilate and thus decrease pressure. Still others, such as guanethidine and reserpine—a drug extracted and purified from the Indian plant *Rauwolfia serpentina*—achieve the same effect by reducing the action of norepinephrine, the body chemical that causes blood vessels to constrict. Another class of drugs has proved equally useful. Diuretics decrease the kidneys' retention of salt. This in turn decreases the amount of fluid retained by the body. The volume of blood is lowered and blood pressure drops.

Used singly or in various combinations, these drugs have enabled physicians to offer the hypertensive something better and more certain than diet

TAKING THE PRESSURE

Almost everyone knows what it is like to have his blood pressure taken. But few really know what the doctor is doing, and fewer still comprehend the meaning of the figures that register blood pressure. Actually, taking blood pressure and interpreting the results is a simple process.

The device used to measure blood pressure is called a sphygmomanometer (from the Greek, meaning pulse measurement); it measures the air pressure needed to raise a column of mercury. To use it, the doctor pumps air into a cloth cuff wound tightly round the patient's arm. As the cuff expands, the column of mercury rises in response to the increasing air pressure. That pressure

also causes the cuff to press against the brachial artery, stopping the flow of blood. The doctor, his stethoscope pressed against the patient's forearm, knows that the flow has ceased when he can no longer hear the heartbeat. At that point, he slowly releases the air from the cuff. As pressure drops, the mercury column begins to descend; the cuff loosens, and blood begins to flow through the arm again. The doctor notes the level of the mercury column when he can once more hear the heartbeat. This reading is the systolic measurement. It is the higher of the two figures used in the measurement of blood pressure and reflects the force with which the heart is delivering blood to the body.

To get the diastolic, or lower reading, the doctor lets more air out of the cuff and continues to listen; the pulse momentarily gets louder and then fades. The level at which the sound of the pulse disappears is the diastolic, or the pressure in the circulatory system when the heart is relaxing and refilling.

Because blood pressure tends to increase naturally with age, a reading of 110 over 60, considered good for a young man, would be high enough to cause concern if it were recorded in a small child. A 45-year-old man with a reading of 120 over 80 (or less) is in good shape, but a contemporary with a higher reading of 150 over 100 is in trouble. According to insurance-company figures, his life expectancy is 11½ years less.



SPHYGMOMANOMETER IN USE

or surgery to control his disease. But they do not solve all the difficulties of dealing with high blood pressure. Many of the antihypertensive drugs can, and frequently do, produce undesirable side effects, such as impotence, dizziness and drowsiness. Doctors have learned to lessen these reactions by adjusting dosages or switching from one drug to another. Another problem was less easy to solve. Doctors had known for years that there are many forms of hypertension that affect different patients in a vast variety of ways. Some respond to one kind of treatment, others to something completely different. It remained for Dr. Laragh to show how to predict an individual patient's response to a particular drug.

In many ways, Laragh was an ideal man for the job. A native of Yonkers, N.Y. (his grandfather was mayor), Laragh had always admired his family physician and the seeming miracles he could perform. He soon found himself exposed even more closely to medicine; he and a younger sister were orphaned when they were in their teens and went to live with a physician uncle.

It seemed only natural for Laragh himself to go into medicine. After Cornell University and Cornell University Medical College, he moved to Presbyterian Hospital for his internship. There he came under the tutelage of Dr. Robert Loeb, a great physician who co-edited what has since become one of medicine's standard texts: Cecil & Loeb's *Textbook of Medicine*. The association was a fortunate one for Laragh. "Loeb was a despot, but a benevolent one," Laragh recalls. "He was fair but demanding, and his standards were the highest." Loeb was also a first-rate teacher who did not believe in spoiling his pupils by assigning laboratory technicians to help them. "I had to do every experiment myself," says Laragh. "But

it was worth it. I really learned about research."

After his internship, Laragh combined research with clinical practice ("You learn more from patients than you do from samples in a laboratory"). As a cardiologist, he concentrated most of his efforts on the workings—and failings—of the heart. But he also looked elsewhere in the circulatory system, and in 1955 he made an important discovery: he learned that increases in the blood levels of potassium can stimulate the production of aldosterone, an adrenal hormone that raises blood pressure by causing the kidneys to retain salt.

In the years that followed, Laragh made even more spectacular findings, which like so many other achievements in science, were serendipitous. Doctors had been aware of the role of aldosterone for some time. But they had been puzzled by the part played by renin, a kidney hormone produced in response to a drop in blood pressure. Laragh solved the puzzle. In 1958 he and his colleagues began treating a man with malignant hypertension, a rare form of the



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him a share in the \$50,000 Stouffer Prize in 1969, explained the hormonal controls of blood pressure for the first time. They also permitted the development of a renin profile—a computer-aided analysis of the patient's hormonal output. There are patients with low renin levels who nonetheless have high blood pressure; excess of fluid is probably at the root of their problem. Diuretics counteract this tendency to store salt and fluids, thus lowering the blood pressure. Those with high renin levels can be best helped with renin inhibitors that will slow or even shut off production of the hormone. "Until we figured out just what renin did," says Laragh, "therapy was conducted on a hit-or-miss basis. You'd try a drug, see if it worked, and if it didn't, switch to something else. Now you know in advance what to try."

Laragh's finding also cleared up another of the mysteries surrounding hypertension. Many hypertensives dismiss the seriousness of their conditions by citing the case of a relative who lived to be 80 despite a blood pressure that nearly popped the mercury out of the doctor's sphygmomanometer. Laragh's work indicates that these exceptions, which seemingly violate the rule that high blood pressure is dangerous, were probably low-renin hypertensives. Patients with this condition are less likely to suffer strokes and heart attacks than high-renin types. But they do not escape hypertension's hazards; the damage merely takes longer.

Some physicians still challenge Laragh's theories. But many doctors now

disease that is characterized by kidney damage and usually kills its victims within a year. Tests showed that the man was, to their surprise, producing far more than the normal amount of aldosterone. This finding led to another series of tests that proved even more revealing. They showed that high aldosterone was probably due to increased secretion of renin.

Usually renin production ceases when blood pressure reaches the proper level. In this case, the cutoff mechanism had failed. The man's renin was triggering the production of excess aldosterone, which in turn was increasing the body's tendency to retain salt. The process caused fatally high blood pressure.

Laragh's discoveries, which won

*Not to be confused with rennin, an enzyme or chemical catalyst used, among other things, in the manufacture of cheese.



MEDICINE

do, or plan to do, renin profiling on all their hypertension patients. Most physicians already follow Laragh's lead in another area. In 1967 Laragh discovered and reported a link between oral contraceptives and high blood pressure. Other researchers confirmed the connection, but it remained for Laragh to explain it: the Pill's estrogen-like substances stimulate the renin system, which in turn causes increased aldosterone production. The result is about 25% of all women who use the Pill: high blood pressure. Laragh and his colleagues now routinely recommend that victims of Pill hypertension try another method of birth control.

A quiet, modest man, Laragh credits his accomplishments to an open mind ("You have to consider every possibility") and painstaking research. "You learn more by studying a few patients in great depth than you do by studying thousands superficially," he says. "If your methods are good and your experiments carefully conceived, it doesn't matter whether you study a handful or a multitude: the results should be the same."

Laragh, like his mentor, also believes in hard work. He gets to his office by 7 o'clock most mornings and shuttles between there, the Hypertension Center and his laboratory until hunger, exhaustion or Jean Sealey—a biochemist and his bride of four months—forces him to stop. "We haven't even had a honeymoon yet," complains Jean in a soft but at times testy to her origins in Glasgow, Scotland. "The day after we were married we went off to a hypertension meeting in Milan." But Laragh, who has two sons by a previous marriage that ended in divorce, does find time to relax. His golf game is good enough (in the low 80s) to allow him to pair up occasionally with an acquaintance named Jack Nicklaus.

Many of Laragh's colleagues and co-workers at Columbia Presbyterian plan to follow him in the 100-block move to The New York Hospital because they like what one calls "the atmosphere of scientific ferment" that surrounds their leader. One female lab technician has another reason for tagging along with Laragh. "It's those Irish eyes," she says. Laragh's reason for taking his new post: "It's a chance to do more."

Whatever the reason, Laragh's move should come as good news for most victims of hypertension. The new cardiovascular center will not only treat but study hypertensives and all the problems caused by their disease; it should help to focus more attention on a controllable illness that has suffered from professional neglect for too many years.

Elsewhere, doctors, health officials and concerned citizens are also making a concerted effort to identify and treat as many victims of high blood pressure as they can find. Stanford University has been working through its Heart Disease

Prevention program to acquaint people in three northern California cities with the dangers of high blood pressure. Baylor College of Medicine in Houston has just begun a massive education effort. Hospitals in some 20 cities are participating in the federally funded "Mr. Fit" program designed to prevent heart attacks in a test group of men between 35 and 57. It aims at identifying probable heart attack victims and helping them to reduce their risks by giving up smoking, losing weight, reducing cholesterol and bringing their blood pressure under control. The Chicago board of health

and many smaller communities. Researchers at Rockefeller University and other institutions are experimenting with biofeedback* to teach hypertensives to dilate their arteries and lower their blood pressures slightly. A Boston physician, Dr. Herbert Benson, has taught some of his patients to reduce their blood pressure by means of what he calls "relaxation response," a sort of transcendental-meditation technique.

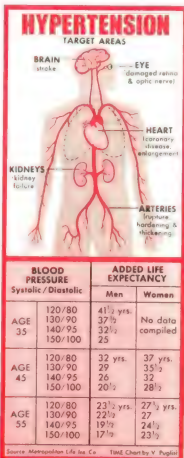
Drug treatments for hypertension continue to improve. Propranolol, a British-developed drug licensed in the U.S. for use in heart problems other than hypertension, is nonetheless widely and successfully used to control high blood pressure. Other potentially valuable drugs, though widely used in Britain, have not yet been approved by the Food and Drug Administration for use in this country. Reserpine remains an effective antihypertensive despite reports linking it with a slightly increased incidence of breast cancer in some women (TIME, Oct. 7).

Despite these encouraging advances, many hypertensives still fail to get treatment. Either their condition is not diagnosed, or their doctors do not realize the importance of mildly elevated blood pressure. Others, bored by the drug regimen and lulled into a sense of false security by a lack of symptoms, drop out of treatment programs. Such lapses can be lethal. Dr. Freis once treated a young, dangerously hypertensive law student by putting him on diuretics but could not induce him to continue with the medication. The patient died of a stroke at 29. Other dropouts have been more fortunate. Helga Brown, 46, of San Francisco, followed her doctor's orders carefully for a year after a fainting episode revealed that she had high blood pressure; then she dropped both the drugs and her diet. She suffered a recurrence of dizziness and was hospitalized. She recovered and now takes her medication faithfully.

Treatment for hypertension, whether by diet or drugs, cannot undo the damage that has already been done, but it can unquestionably prevent the disorder from getting worse. In a now classic study, Freis compared death rates from stroke, heart disease and other hypertension-related ailments among treated and untreated patients at 17 Veterans Administration hospitals. His findings showed that treatment can reduce the death rate from hypertension by half.

The lesson is one that should not be lost on anyone suffering from high blood pressure. Laragh and his colleagues have given medicine the weapons for conquering the quiet killer. All its potential victims must do is arm themselves.

*A technique that employs electronic monitoring devices to help patients learn how to control autonomic nervous system functions such as heart-beat and blood circulation.



has a mobile blood-pressure unit cruising the streets of the city giving free hypertension tests to all. Local health organizations are setting up sphygmomanometers in supermarkets to test shoppers; in some states dentists and dental technicians are taking their patients' pressures. The A.H.A. is urging both patients and their physicians to take blood pressure seriously. DO YOU HAVE HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE? asks an A.H.A. poster. ONLY YOUR DOCTOR CAN TELL.

For those who have high blood pressure, the outlook is bright. Exercise and diet groups to help hypertensives shape up are in operation in most major cities



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SCIENCE

The Oldest Mine?

Archaeologists have long been intrigued by the heaps of brownish-gray slag scattered amid the sandy soil of Israel's southern Negev Desert. First spotted by the late American biblical scholar and archaeologist Nelson Glueck, the heaps seemed to be remnants of an ancient copper-smelting operation of pre-Roman origin. Now, after excavating at the site with a team of West German mining experts, Israeli Archaeologist Beno Rothenberg reports that the slag is only the tip of an archaeological treasure. A short distance away, he says, is the oldest underground mining system ever found.

The traditional view is that the first really large-scale attempts at underground mining, in which extensive shafts and subterranean galleries were used, were not made until the time of the Romans, who mined everything from Spanish silver to British iron and Near Eastern copper. Rothenberg's discovery just about destroys that theory. From the stone hammers, bronze chisels and a cooking pot found in the labyrinthine tunnels of the Negev mine, he concludes that the mine dates back to 1400 B.C.—near the end of the Bronze Age and more than a millennium before Rome's large-scale mining endeavors.

Underground Maze. Archaeologists once thought that Bronze Age people got their metals largely by chipping away at surface rocks; at most, they would tunnel only a few dozen feet. The newly discovered mine shows that the Bronze Age miners were far more skilled and adventurous than that. Located at the base of towering, 2,200-ft. red sandstone cliffs, the mine contains a complex, multilevel network of some 200 shafts and galleries. Although only a

small portion has been excavated so far by Rothenberg's team, which included ten West German coal miners, the maze apparently reaches hundreds of yards into the mountain. Perhaps 1,000 workmen—or slaves—toiled inside the tunnels, most of which were no more than 2 ft. wide and 4 ft. high. The underground network included ventilation tubes and shafts to bring fresh air into the galleries, support pillars that prevented collapses and even steps and handholds for climbing from one level to another.

The ore taken from the mine was a copper-rich material called malachite. It was worked free with stone hammers and bronze chisels, crushed into small pieces and placed in large, saucer-shaped pits. When winter rain flooded the pits, the lighter malachite swirled to the surface and could be more readily separated from the other rock. Half a mile away there were 13 furnaces, where the Bronze Age metallurgists smelted the ore, using iron as a flux (a substance that combines with impurities, forming a molten mix that can be easily removed). Bronze Age miners were able to produce 22-lb. copper ingots that were 97% to 98% pure, a degree of purity not exceeded until modern times.

Rothenberg thinks that the mine was built by Egypt's pharaohs of the 19th and 20th dynasties. If so, it could be the mysterious Atika, a fabled source of copper mentioned in ancient papyri. The Egyptians may well have borrowed the metallurgical techniques from the Midianites, a little-known people who dwelled in the area and are identified in *Genesis* as the first metalworkers. With the help of the Midianites, the pharaohs apparently ran the mine for some 150 years, until about 1250 B.C. Sub-

sequently, the Egyptians pulled out of Canaan and the neighboring Sinai—perhaps, says Rothenberg, under pressure from their enemies, the Philistines and Israelites.

Samplings

► When 1975 was rung in last week at Britain's old Royal Greenwich Observatory, which is located on the meridian where the earth's time zones begin, it arrived precisely one second late. For official timekeepers everywhere, including the National Bureau of Standards in the U.S., the delay was significant. The earth's rotation (which forms the basis of time units—hours, minutes, seconds) is gradually slowing down—largely because of tidal friction. For that reason, the timekeepers decided a few years ago to make an occasional correction by inserting a so-called leap second. In that way, the accurate atomic clocks that they rely on to keep the exact time do not get ahead of the less dependable earth. Since leap seconds were introduced in 1972, four have been added, and even more can be expected in the future as the earth continues its gradual slowdown.

► Since last fall, many parts of the world have reported unusually spectacular sunsets that have turned the sky into brilliant displays of red, orange and yellow. Now two atmospheric scientists at NASA's Langley Research Center think that they have found the cause of the heavenly pyrotechnics. Writing in *Applied Optics*, Physicists Michael McCormick and William Fuller Jr. report that their surveys of the stratosphere with laser beams have revealed two new layers of dust at altitudes of 10 and 12.5 miles. That extra dust would enhance a well-known phenomenon: when the sun is low in the sky, its rays travel through more of the atmosphere and thus encounter more dust particles. The particles, in turn, tend to scatter the blue (or shorter) wave lengths of the spectrum more than the red, thereby causing the sky to redden at sunset or sunrise. McCormick and Fuller say that the probable source of the new dust is the frequently erupting Volcan de Fuego in Guatemala.

► Women in the sciences have long complained justifiably of a "skirt differential." That is, they have been paid less than men even when they have held comparable jobs. Now that differential may be changing in the women's favor. In a recent survey, the American Chemical Society found that newly graduated women chemists and chemical engineers are being paid on average 5% more than male graduates. A decade ago, women entering chemistry were earning only 86% as much as their male counterparts. The society says that the turnaround is probably the result of more intensive bidding by employers for women chemists to make up for "years of unequal employment practices."



WORKER LEAVING A JOB INFORMATION CENTER ON DETROIT'S NORTH SIDE



IDLE LONGSHOREMEN WAITING FOR WORK

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

POLICY

Shifting Gears to Fight Recession

After months of deliberation, President Ford seemed ready last week to face up to the threat of a deepening downturn with a more expansive economic policy. No announcements have yet been made, but it is now all but certain that the President will seek a tax cut in his State of the Union message later this month. In addition, the Administration has also apparently given up on trying to cut the budget in an attempt to quell inflation. That decision alone, tentatively taken after two days of intensive discussions between Ford and his economic advisers at the President's vacation chalet in Vail, Colo., could mean that the federal deficit for the fiscal year beginning next July will swell to a massive \$35 billion. The fact that the Administration is even contemplating such a deficit, which would be by far the biggest in U.S. peacetime history, shows that Ford is coming around, despite all public denials, to a view that recession has replaced inflation as the U.S.'s No. 1 economic problem.

Frightening Evidence. Even as the policy discussions continued in Washington last week, frightening new evidence of economic deterioration was surfacing. The Labor Department reported still another disturbing jump in the nation's unemployment, from 6.5% in November to 7.1% in December. Worst off were blue-collar workers: their unemployment rate leaped 1.2% in December, to a painful 9.4%. The overall jobless level was the highest since 1961—and one that Administration economists until recently did not expect to

see before this spring. All told, 6.5 million Americans were out of work at the beginning of the new year, the largest number since 1940. In a statement that seemed intended to prepare the country for even longer unemployment lines, White House Press Secretary Ron Nessen reported last week that from some economists, "the President has heard estimates of 8%" joblessness in the coming months. That is higher than any official Administration forecast so far.

Earlier, the Commerce Department disclosed that its index of leading indicators, which is designed to project future economic trends, fell 1.5% in November and 7.3% since July—the steepest five-month drop in a quarter-century. Boding ill for consumer confidence in the months ahead, a new survey by Pollster Louis Harris reported that 80% of the American people now believe the U.S. is in a recession, and 66% see it continuing through the rest of the year. To combat the worsening economic problem, President Ford at week's end signed legislation appropriating \$4.5 billion for unemployment aid and job programs.

Most key White House officials now agree that a moderate tax reduction of, say, \$10 billion to \$15 billion would get a swift and needed injection of purchasing power into the economy. There was also general agreement at Vail to pair such a tax cut with an energy-conservation package built around excise taxes on crude oil and natural gas (see following story).

The President's apparent decision to

let Government spending grow in fiscal 1976 represents a major defeat for Treasury Secretary William Simon and his staunch ally, Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns. They have been vigorously promoting a restrictive anti-inflation budget policy to counterbalance any tax cut. Simon and the other budget hawks argue that without any increase in present spending plans, the federal budget deficit, boosted by stagflation, will total about \$20 billion in the current fiscal year, which ends in June, and swell to as much as \$40 billion next year if combined with a tax cut. Simon has argued that such a massive deficit would set off another round of rapid inflation within a year.

Laggard Economy. Many other experts disagree. A report issued by the moderately liberal House-Senate Joint Economic Committee recently asserted that without a tax cut, a big budget deficit by itself would do little to stimulate the laggard economy either this year or next. Its reason: most of the deficit would come not from an increase in buying power that would boost demand and lift prices, but from a reduction in personal and corporate tax revenues caused by the recession.

Indeed, most Democratic economists favor a more expansive policy than President Ford is likely to offer. They insist that a substantial burst of stimulation now would not cause a rapid run-up in prices because the economy is already deeply depressed, and that the extra purchasing power would merely sop up some of business's huge inven-



ON PHILADELPHIA WATERFRONT

stories of unsold goods, especially autos. Liberal economists generally want a tax cut of about \$20 billion or more, heavily weighted in favor of lower- and middle-income workers, along with an expansion of unemployment benefits and public service jobs and other measures to cushion the jolt for jobless workers.

One promising plan to increase purchasing power quickly has been proposed by Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Kennedy and a member of TIME's Board of Economists. Heller would pare taxes on earned income of up to \$14,100 by an amount equal to 2% of income, lift personal exemptions (now \$750) by about \$100 and raise the investment tax credit for all businesses to 10% from the present 7% for most industries and 4% for utilities. Though the total package would cost about \$20 billion, Heller estimates that much of the tax cut would be offset in 1976 by higher revenues generated by a faster economic recovery.

Whether the Administration will be willing to go that far, at least initially, is open to question. But with the President at last alerted to the chilling threat posed by a plummeting economy, a plan as expansive as Heller's can no longer be ruled out.

ENERGY

Shaping a Price Plan

While the debate over antirecession policy will continue, the Administration has all but decided on its basic approach to a closely related problem: reducing the U.S.'s dependence on costly imported oil. At Vail, Colo., President Ford and his advisers just about buried two widely discussed options. Though many of the advisers favor an increase in gasoline taxes because of its simplicity, none have been able to sell it to Ford,

who is apparently opposed to measures that would affect a huge group of consumers—in this case, motorists. Partly for that reason, Ford has also ruled out World War II-style gas rationing.

Another apparent casualty of the Colorado talks was an arbitrary ceiling on imports of foreign oil, which is now flowing into the U.S. at a rate of 7.3 million bbl. a day. The experts found that such a limit not only would bring back the long lines at the gas pumps but would worsen the current economic downturn. Administration predictions show that a "cap" holding oil imports to 1 million bbl. a day would gouge as much as \$25 billion out of the gross national product and add upward of 400,000 to the unemployment rolls within a year.

Basically, what emerged from Vail was a general agreement within the Administration to deal with the imports problem through a market approach. In essence, that means reliance on higher oil prices to encourage both a reduction in consumption and a sharp step-up in efforts to develop new domestic sources of crude oil. A rise in prices would be achieved in part through a removal of controls on the cost of domestic crude oil. But the main tool of the emerging Ford program would be excise taxes paid by oil companies on all natural gas and crude oil refined in the U.S. White House advocates of such a tax are persuaded that it would not actually discourage production, since companies would pass most of the increase in their costs to consumers in the form of higher retail fuel costs. The assumption is that those higher prices would encourage users to conserve energy.

The political difficulty is that an excise tax and price decontrol would both require approval by Congress, which could decide to debate the matter into 1976. Thus the White House is considering kicking off its energy-conservation program with a stop-gap tariff on oil imports that Ford could impose by Executive order. The Administration's program would unfold in three stages:

IMPORT TARIFF. Citing a national security clause in the 1962 Trade Expansion Act, Ford could slap a tariff of \$1 to \$3 per bbl. on already costly foreign oil. Most of that oil goes to the Northeastern states, where it heats 30% of the homes and fuels 90% of the oil-fired generating plants. To ease the economic impact on those states, the Administration would spread the higher crude-oil costs around the country through the current equalization program. In effect, Western refineries with easy access to "old" domestic oil, selling at a controlled price of \$5.25 per bbl., would subsidize Eastern refineries that are dependent on uncontrolled oil from foreign sources or "new" domestic oil—production in excess of a 1972 base period that is allowed to sell at the world price. Through this system, the tariff would translate mainly into a nationwide rise in gas prices of 3¢ or 4¢ per gal. at the pump.

EXCISE TAX. The import tariff would be scrapped as soon as Congress approves excise taxes on oil and natural gas. Administration economists maintain that the energy companies are so flush with surplus oil nowadays that they would be forced to absorb some of the cost of the tax. Yet much of it would be passed on to customers, probably in the form of a rise of 5¢ per gal. or so in the retail prices of gas, heating oil and other petroleum products. An equivalent tax on natural gas would be about 50¢ per 1,000 cu. ft. Through a rebate system that has still to be devised, most of the excise tax revenues (estimated at \$10.5 billion a year) would be returned to the low- and middle-income fuel users who would be most hurt. Within a year, Administration economists say, the tax on oil alone would reduce daily consumption by 750,000 to 800,000 bbl.

PRICE DECONTROL. The Administration will pair its request for excise taxes with a plan to strip away all controls on crude-oil and natural-gas prices. Thus the cost of old oil would float up from \$5.25 per bbl. to the world market price, now about \$11. Interstate natural gas, now controlled at 28¢ per 1,000 cu. ft., would be allowed to rise to uncontrolled levels of intrastate gas, now about \$1.25. The resulting surge in oil- and gas-company profits would be cut by a special "windfall profits" tax; it would be channeled back to fuel users in the form of payroll tax cuts or direct subsidies. But retail prices of all products would be allowed to rise as high as they could go. The planners say that oil decontrol would add another 5¢ per gal. increase on retail fuel prices on top of the one caused by the excise tax. The result



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would be another 500,000-bbl. fall in daily consumption, bringing the theoretical total reduction to 1.3 million bbl. per day—well above the Administration's declared goal of a 1 million bbl. per day cut in fuel imports.

Skeptics in and out of Congress will surely question the Administration's twin assumptions that higher fuel prices really will bring a significant drop in consumption and that they really are needed to spur production. Right now, for instance, what seems to be holding back many oilmen is not the prospect of scant profits but a severe shortage of drilling equipment. In sum, the Administration may have a hard time selling its market approach on the Hill.

Coal Yes, Tankers No

While he was mulling over his options in Colorado last week, President Ford did not hesitate to use his veto power to knock down two energy-related bills passed by the outgoing 93rd Congress. Both bills, as Ford saw them, were at cross-purposes with the Administration's goals for dealing with both the energy problem and inflation.

► The most critical of Ford's vetoes was his rejection of a strip-mining bill that the House and Senate had been struggling with for the past two years before coming to an agreement on a compromise version last month. Designed to protect Western states from strip mining, the bill required coal companies to restore mined land to its original contours and use, thereby limiting surface mining to areas where such reclamation was possible. Moreover, the bill would have extracted fees from the coal companies (35¢ per ton for surface mining,

25¢ per ton for underground mining) to finance restoration of the more than 1 million acres torn up by strip miners. One probable effect of the bill would have been the forced closing of a number of marginal surface mines in Appalachia.

Ford refused to sign the bill after arguing that it would have hampered domestic coal production "when the nation can ill afford significant losses from this critical energy source." Though his veto was anticipated, it is sure to be unpopular. The strip-mining bill was supported by environmentalists, Ford's own Interior Department, the AFL-CIO, the United Mine Workers, United Auto Workers and farm and ranch organizations. It was even backed by a few big coal companies that were anxious to have some law—any law—enacted to clear up the uncertainty that has clouded their future in strip mining. Congressional advocates of the bill, among them Washington Senator Henry Jackson, intend to try again.

► Less widely disputed was the President's pocket veto of the Energy Transportation Security Act. Backed by the politically powerful shipbuilders' and seafarers' unions, the bill provided that by 1977, fully 30% of all oil imported into the U.S. would have to be carried on tankers built in American yards and manned by American crews. Little oil is now imported in U.S.-registered tankers, which are considerably more costly to build and operate than most foreign-flag vessels. The bill would have increased federal subsidies to U.S. shipbuilders and operators, which now run to nearly \$550 million annually, more than \$800 million over the next five years.



POST-CHRISTMAS BARGAIN HUNTERS SWARMING

RETAILING

Much Better Late

It appeared to be one of the biggest postholidays buying crushes ever. Shoppers crowded stores across the nation, scooping up bargains and providing some extra year-end cheer to beleaguered retailers.

Well into the December shopping season, it had looked as if the ghost of Christmas 1974 would be haunting merchants for many months to come. During the last full week of shopping before Christmas, nationwide sales were no better than even with the week before. What was worse, in an industry that has become accustomed to smashing year-to-year increases in holiday buying, sales were only 5% ahead of the same period in 1973—a decline in real terms when a 12% inflation rate is counted in.

As the predictions of relative doom and gloom mounted, retailers throughout the land cut prices, optimistically convincing themselves that Santa would yet arrive in the form of a last-minute buying surge that would cause plenty of jingle at the cash registers, after all. As it happened, they were absolutely right. On the days just before the holiday, shoppers invaded the stores in welcome numbers. Total national retail sales during Christmas week were up 3% over the previous week, and 11% over the corresponding week in 1973.

The Montgomery Ward chain reported "surprisingly strong" sales during the last four days before Christmas. In New York City, an executive of Bloomingdale's says, "I never saw the aisles as packed as they were this year," and President George Baylis of Bonwit Teller thankfully notes "the compelling power of Christmas to get people out



BRITISH SUPERTANKER UNLOADING OIL INTO SMALLER SHIP OFF CALIFORNIA
A presidential rebuff for the powerful maritime lobby.



THROUGH BLOOMINGDALE'S

literally fighting one another on Christmas Eve for the last miniature 18-karat gold bars the store has been selling as jewelry pendants. The Los Angeles-based Carter Hawley Hale chain sold more goods than ever in 1974, thanks primarily to its top-quality Neiman-Marcus and Bergdorf Goodman department stores. Says Executive Vice President Eaton Ballard: "It happened in the last few days before Christmas, when our stores saw a record-breaking level of last-minute shopping."

January Sales. Overall, however, the retailers' holiday season was far from an outright bonanza. With prices up an average of 12% over last year, the actual volume of goods sold nationwide before Christmas was smaller than in 1973. The stores, as usual, are counting on the traditional January sales to clear their shelves, but some merchants fear that after the discounts of 30% or even more that were offered on many items in December, the postholiday markdowns might prove anticlimactic—and insufficiently appealing to serve as much of a lure.

That would be bad news for an industry that is beginning to feel the effects of the recession in the form of diving profits and mounting inventories of unsold goods. Sears, Roebuck, the nation's biggest retailer, ended a disappointing year by dismissing 8,000 employees—about 1.5% of its nationwide total. In eastern Michigan, where sales have been savaged by auto-industry layoffs, 590 Sears employees were given pink slips the day after Christmas. Some of them, irate picketers were claiming last week, had been axed with less than a month to go before reaching the vesting point of their pensions.

shopping. The flurry was only a few days long, but it did keep us ahead of last year." Jordan Marsh, Zayre Corp. and Filene's stores in Boston all enjoyed the eleventh-hour boom, as did Rich's in Atlanta, especially in small gift items. In San Francisco, the Livingston Bros. apparel chain actually had its best day ever the Monday before Christmas. And as far as overall holiday sales were concerned, business was up a healthy 8% over 1973.

One of the healthiest sales cities was Pittsburgh, where Christmas week retail business was a solid 33% greater than the year before. The prime reason is that steel-industry demand and employment remains strong, and steelworkers have been protected against the erosion in buying power that afflicted most other wage earners in 1974 by the cost of living escalators they won in their union contracts early last year. Says Lawrence Finley, a local Gimbel's executive: "Psychologically, the attitude here is bullish. Even the Steelers are winning."

Now or Never. Almost everywhere, high-priced luxury goods led the booming sales rebound. While affluent consumers spent almost as freely as ever, an unusual number of budget-set shoppers turned up in the specialty shops, flush with cash and deep in a now-or-never mood. Says an executive at Tiffany's in Atlanta: "People wanted that last fling, and they shopped for those gold chains and that perfect stone—things they could get their money back on, not like a refrigerator or a car, which depreciates." Alfred Montezinos, president of Cartier's in New York City, witnessed some of his genteel clientele

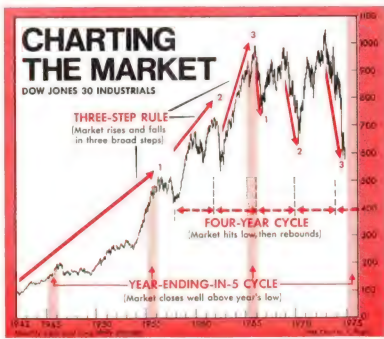
WALL STREET

The Lion Tamers on '75

What will happen to stock prices in 1975? Many Wall Street analysts are predicting an upswing on the grounds that nervous investors will eventually decide that the worst is over for the economy and begin buying shares again. At its close at 616 on the old year's final trading day last week, the battered Dow Jones industrial average was up 38 points from its 1974 low (578 in early December), and some forecasters were suggesting that the average could grope its way upward another 200 points or so over the next twelve months.

As it happens, the mildly optimistic conventional forecast is getting some support from an unconventional quarter: the ever inventive and unorthodox breed of Wall Street analysts known collectively as "technicians." Uninterested in such mundane matters as interest rates, profits and price/earnings ratios, the technicians try to divine the future by studying patterns that have seemed to shape trading in the past. The technician, says one of the leading practitioners of the art, Edson Gould of Anametrics, Inc., approaches each new year like "a lion tamer who must anticipate the moves the animal will make." The 1975 moves, as forecast by some of the leading technical theories:

THE THREE-STEP RULE. Around for about 30 years, this well-worn rule holds that any stock market move, large or small, up or down, happens in three stages. The Dow Jones industrial average made three huge strides upward between its low of just 93 in 1942 and its 1966 peak of 995. Since then, the market



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has experienced three major declines, the most recent one beginning in January 1973 after the Dow hit its alltime high of 1,052. Gould reckons that there is at least an even chance that this third decline in the series ended with the low of 578 reached last month and that the market could start moving up—in three steps, of course.

THE YEAR-ENDING-IN-5 CYCLE. A new notion just beginning to circulate on the Street, this theory is based on a historical observation that years ending in the number 5 have almost always been "upward trending"—that is, years in which the Dow closed in December well up from the low reached earlier in the year. The leading proponent of this cycle, Ralph Acampora, technical analyst at Manhattan's Harris, Upham & Co., believes that the 1975 trading low will be about 500 and the trading high, by year's end, will be around 750.

THE FOUR-YEAR CYCLE. Every four years since 1958, some analysts have observed, the market has hit a major bottom and then rebounded smartly. Stocks rose briskly after the Dow bottomed out at 437 in 1958, at 536 in 1962 and at 631 in 1970. Four-year men thus believe that the 1974 low reached in early December was an important bottom that must be followed by a sharp upturn.

THE 25-DAY-PLURALITY INDEX. This dates from the early 1960s, when a technician named Alan Shaw began tallying, for 25-day periods, the daily difference between the number of stocks that rose and the number that fell. When the total "plurality" of either one reached 13,000, Shaw noted, the market would stop rising or falling and take a sharp turn in the opposite direction. The index accurately pinpointed the upturn of mid-1965 as well as the great slides that began in 1966 and 1969. Also known as the "public sentiment index," it is supposed to work best in a bear market by showing the point at which pessimism is exhausted and investors may be in a mood to buy again. Last week the index stood at about 10,000—a figure that technicians interpret as still "neutral to negative" on the possibility of a turnaround soon.

Even more arcane theories are circulating on the Street. Some forecasters, among them Technician William Scheinman of Wiesenberger & Co., speak seriously of the influence of "magic numbers" on the investing public's behavior. Scheinman believes that the Dow Jones will have to sink to 500 before staging a comeback, noting that it had hit 1,001 during trading before reversing direction in February 1966.

Finally, there is the hardy, if slightly shopworn "hemline indicator." Since 1910, the argument goes, stock prices have gone up when skirt lengths have shortened—and vice versa. Thus, if Designer Halston's "skimp" skirt bares a good number of thighs this spring, as some Seventh Avenue seers predict, it could be a good time to buy stocks.

COMMODITIES

The Rush That Wasn't

Had previous U.S. gold rushes gone anything like the one that began last week, California would have been short of settlers and Poet Robert Service would never have written about the cremation of Sam McGee in the Klondike. Legally free as of Dec. 31 to buy bullion for the first time in 41 years, Americans greeted the opportunity with a veteran prospector's wariness of fool's gold. The caution seemed justified. By week's end, after three full days of trading in the yellow metal, gold's price stood at \$174 per ounce on the bellwether London Gold Market, down 12% from the high of nearly \$200 set just before G-day.

Curiosity ran high in many parts of the U.S., jamming switchboards of precious-metals dealers and brokerages offering the metal. But actual sales were slow. During the first two days of trading, not a single sale was made in any of European-American Bank's 104

when the Treasury will sell 2 million oz. from its 276-million-oz. stockpile. Purpose: to meet U.S. demand with U.S. gold and thus prevent dollars from flowing out of the country to buy imported metal. Buyers had additional reason to be hesitant. Several leading banks announced that they would not sell gold because of the costs and risks to unsophisticated investors. The National Association of Securities Dealers told the members to exercise "great caution" in gold dealings, warning that no federal mechanism exists to protect investors.

Risking It. For some purchasers, the risks were outweighed by the intangible rewards of being among the first Americans to get in on the gold action. A Michigan girl, twelve-year-old Carlene Brown of Bloomfield township, claims to be the first buyer of the yellow metal. At one second past midnight on Dec. 31, she signed an invoice for a quarter-ounce wafer, bought for \$52.79 through a publicity-minded Southfield, Mich., coin dealer; he obtained the wafer from a fellow dealer in nearby Wind-



BROKERS AT CHICAGO MERCANTILE EXCHANGE ON FIRST HECTIC DAY OF GOLD TRADING
Bigger than boneless beef in futures, but slow sales elsewhere.

branches in the New York City area. Trading was brisk on half a dozen U.S. commodity exchanges, where gold-futures contracts were being traded along with futures for frozen pork bellies, hogs, cattle and eggs. In the first half-hour of frenzied trading at Chicago's Mercantile Exchange, dealers bought and sold no fewer than 452 contracts for future delivery—the biggest opening on the exchange, they said, since boneless beef made its debut as a traded commodity in 1970. But speculators were betting that gold's price would go down, with most contracts off \$15 or more from their highs earlier in the week.

Further downward pressure on the metal's price seems likely this week,

sor, Canada, and had it delivered to his shop by car and helicopter.

The girl's purchase underscored the fears of some Washington officials that legal gold will only draw funds from more socially worthwhile investments to get up the \$52.79. Carlene cashed two U.S. savings bonds. As an object lesson in the personal hazards of gold ownership, there is the experience of New York's Conservative-Republican Senator James Buckley. A vigorous backer of legal gold on the Hill, Buckley triumphantly plunked down \$480 to buy three wafers totaling 2½ oz. from a Manhattan dealer a few moments after it became legal to do so. At week's end his wafers were worth about \$430.



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

Ms. Prometheus

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT
by CLAIRE TOMALIN

316 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.
\$8.95.

In the early wars for women's liberation, even the heroines tended to remain unknown soldiers. Perhaps it was partly the fear of oblivion that made Mary Wollstonecraft sit down late in 1791 and in six weeks write the 300 pages of *A Vindication of the Rights of Women*. Earlier that year, she had broken out of a shell of ladylike anonymity to print a bylined edition of her previously unsigned pamphlet *A Vindication of the Rights of Man*. It was a loosely reasoned but passionate answer to Edmund Burke's reservations about the French Revolution. It made Mary Wollstonecraft at 32 a popular radical writer, whose name was thereafter frequently mentioned along with that of her friend Thomas Paine.

The Rights of Women became an international bestseller and exposed the lady to the baritone wrath of conservatives and liberals alike. She was vilified for arguing that women should be able to achieve financial independence and for suggesting that given equal education and opportunity, females would be the professional equal of men. Horace Walpole called her a "philosophical serpent" and a "hyena in petticoats." Even her friends, the liberal though pious Dissenters, were shocked by her challenge to the ancient wisdom that considered women to be imperfect men.

Yet it seems fair to conclude from Claire Tomalin's biography that had Mary Wollstonecraft not stoked herself up for *Rights of Women*, she would prob-

ably have ended up as only a historical footnote: radical editor and translator; wife of Philosopher William Godwin; mother of Mary Godwin, future wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley and author of *Frankenstein*.

There was a bit of the pathetic patchwork monster about Wollstonecraft herself. Born into a graspy family of weaver-merchants who for several generations had been up and down the economic ladder, she had to pick up her education and her righteous indignation wherever she could find them. Appalled by the strictures of marriage, she attempted to support herself as a governess, then as the head of her own small school. But her temperament, says Biographer Tomalin, "was geared to drama, violent emotion and struggle" without nuance, irony or humor. She was a person who had to dominate people. An early victory was persuading her sister to run away from her loutish husband and baby. Where Wollstonecraft's confused sense of her own sexuality was concerned, she was as ambivalent and anguished a victim as ever slit her wrists in a Joyce Carol Oates story.

Spiritual Partner. Wollstonecraft's first serious love was for a gifted, flamboyant, vain and bisexual painter named Henry Fuseli. The affair was predictably exciting and predictably disastrous, a power struggle that ended in the humiliating scene: Mary begging Fuseli's wife to allow a *ménage à trois* in which Mary was to be a purely "spiritual partner." Mme. Fuseli was not agreeable. In France, where Mary's fervor for the French Revolution was eventually chilled by the Terror, she fell in love with a flaky American adventurer named Gilbert Imlay; he left her with an illegitimate daughter. No biographer can be expected to re-create the desperate, ineffectual rage that sometimes leads people to attempt suicide. In this clear and measured biography, Critic Claire Tomalin, the new literary editor of the *New Statesman*, wisely allows the facts to smolder on their own. In October 1795 Mary Wollstonecraft jumped off Putney Bridge into the Thames; the bargemen who pulled her out saved her for a more humiliating fate.

Two years later she became pregnant by and finally married William Godwin, the brilliant though griggish political philosopher, who was publicly opposed to matrimony. Five months after the wedding, a doctor with unwashed hands attended the birth of her daughter Mary. Wollstonecraft died of septicemia eleven days later. The final indignity was more ironic. When Godwin published his memoirs of Mary, he was honest about her love affairs, suicide attempts and pregnancies but apparently misunderstood the meaning of her life and death. He wrote about her, as Bi-



WILLIAM GODWIN

ographer Tomalin observes, "as the female Werther, a romantic and tragic heroine," ignoring her intellectual development and failing even to appraise her feminist ideas.

Perhaps it is too much to suppose that Mary Shelley had her mother in mind when she created the arrogant genius Dr. Frankenstein and subtitled her novel *The Modern Prometheus*. How much better a tribute than Father Godwin's female Werther: Mary Wollstonecraft, having stolen the fires of social equality for her sex, chained and suffering on the rock of her female biology.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Coast to Coast?

CONTINENTS IN MOTION
THE NEW EARTH DEBATE

by WALTER SULLIVAN
397 pages, illustrated.
McGraw-Hill, \$17.95.

During World War I, while a young German officer lay in a hospital recuperating from his wounds, he passed the time looking at maps and pondering the remarkable way in which the opposing sides of the Atlantic seemed to fit together. Alfred Wegener was not the first to notice that the bulging coastline of Brazil is a reciprocal of the west coast of Africa. For centuries scientists and cartographers speculated that a single large continent, which came to be called Pangea, had broken up into huge fragments that floated like rafts on the earth's plastic core until they reached their present positions. Such theories, however, were consistently hooted down with the derision scientists so often reserve for new ideas. Wegener, who had already established a reputation as a polar explorer and meteorologist, was undaunted. After his recovery, he devoted

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BOOKS

his life to proving the theory of continental drift. In 1930 Wegener died in Greenland in a search for evidence. But other men were able to carry on where he left off. Today, with slight variations the idea that the earth is a fragile and constantly changing planet is generally accepted by most geologists.

Books dealing with the formation of the earth usually move only slightly faster than the glaciers that helped landscape the surface of the planet (about 20 miles a millennium). *Continents in Motion* is a striking exception. Walter Sullivan, science editor of the New York Times, concentrates as much on people and events as upon geological epochs. The result is a book nearly as entertaining as a good detective story—and considerably more informative.

Sullivan builds his case for continental drift carefully, treating skeptics as



BEFORE DRIFT—225 MILLION YEARS AGO



AFTER DRIFT—140 MILLION YEARS LATER
A debt to Velikovsky.

fairly as he does supporters of this once controversial concept. He is clearly no believer in Immanuel Velikovsky, whose theory that cataclysmic planetary events reshaped the earth during biblical times was first scorned and then suppressed by the scientific establishment. Sullivan acknowledges modern geologists' debt to Velikovsky for forcing them to re-examine old assumptions about the earth's formation. He deals much more favorably with the late Maurice Ewing, who founded Columbia University's Lamont Geological Observatory and provided the theoretical basis for things like submarine geology and attempts to study the underwater mountain range that bisects the Atlantic. Nor does he slight the host of others who have mapped the ocean bottoms, peered into smoking volcanoes or attempted to drill through the earth's crust to the semimolten mantle

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that surrounds its liquid core. Along the way, Sullivan scatters suggestive pieces of evidence with a skill that would do credit to Agatha Christie. He points out that the ancestors of certain North American animals seem to have come to their new home from Asia, something they could not have done if an ocean barred their way. He reports that the sea floor is spreading constantly on both sides of undersea ridges, notes that the Himalayas are growing at the rate of a few inches a century, forced upward as the Indian subcontinent pushes itself against the Asian mainland.

Sullivan's narrative does not make for casual reading. Despite its easygoing approach, *Continents in Motion* is a serious book. It is a disturbing one as well, for it ends on as deep a note of mystery as it begins. The theories of continental drift explain how the continents and the oceans that separate them were formed. But those theories can only hint at probable changes to come. The earth does not exist in a steady state; the forces that gave the planet its present topography are still at work. How they will reshape the earth or rearrange the continents is uncertain. What is certain is that, given time, they will. ■ Peter Stoler

Numero Uno

THE BOOK OF FIRSTS
by PATRICK ROBERTSON
256 pages. Clarkson Potter, \$10.

There are some books whose reviews should run upside down. They are the volumes which mainly add up to a series of short answers—tomes like the *Guinness Book of World Records* or the *Baseball Encyclopedia*. Seven hundred twenty-three home runs; 895 miles below sea level—these are the replies such works elicit from the reader. The rest is merely a salaried to accuracy and accuracy. Joining the shelf of unique reference books is another first: the first *Book of Firsts* by Patrick Robertson. A British civil servant, indefatigable researcher and humorist very much manqué, Robertson has highly individual criteria for celebrity. Not for him the Joe Namath, Henry Kissinger or Valerie Perrine of this world. The Robertson laurels go to "Manchester Jack," the first lion tamer (1835); M. Jolly-Bellin, first dry cleaner (1849); William Kemmler, first man to die in the electric chair (1890), and the late great George Crum, inventor of the first potato chip (1853). Surrounding these immortals is a pantheon of some 6,000 achievers and achievements, each one a monument to ingenuity or perversity. En masse, they provide the best argument settler since the first dictionary (*Cawdrey's Table Alphabeticall*, 1604). After *The Book of Firsts*, there should be no further disputes about any of the following: a) the identity of the first magazine; b) the inventor of the first contraceptive; c) the first woman jockey; d) the first sporting event ever

televised. Now if only there were a compilation of coffee-table non-books entitled *The Book of Lasts*...

Schools, Tokyo, 1931
Awazi Shichiku Higher Elementary
d) baseball, between the Ushigome and
e) Alicia Meynell, York, England, 1804;
b) Gabriel Falloppius, Padua, circa 1506;
c) Marcure Galant, Paris, 1672.



ALLISON CARGILL, FIRST GIRL GUIDE (1908)



FIRST PERAMBULATOR (1733)

The Assays of Elia

THE UNDERSTUDY
by ELIA KAZAN
347 pages. Stein & Day, \$8.95.

As a director, Elia Kazan earned a niche in theatrical history with considerable help from classic scripts (*Death of a Salesman*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*) and talented actors (Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Lee J. Cobb). Kazan's second career in the solitary business of writing has so far resulted in three commercially successful novels that tend to thrash about in alien corn. There is nothing wrong with *The Understudy*, for instance, that a good script and some believable characters would not help.

Such problems are doubly disappointing because Kazan has tackled a subject on which he qualifies as an expert: actors. Sonny, 54, broke into Broadway as the understudy for Sidney Castleman (né Schlossberg), a much belied matinee idol 20 years his se-

nior. Now the worm has turned. Castleman is on the skids, sponging off Sonny while sneering at him as a "mechanical rabbit," a thespian technocrat devoid of true passion. To top it all, Castleman involves Sonny in a gang war between black hoodlums and a Polish mobster. But Sonny simply loves the old grandfather all the more.

Instead of seeing an analyst, Sonny goes off on an African safari. While watching the lions gnaw on bits of zebras and wildebeests, he ponders the survival of the fittest and all the superb reasons for putting Castleman behind him. But it is no use. Only Castleman's death will release the younger man from his loyal bondage. Even worse, only Castleman's death, which does not occur until seven pages from the end, releases readers from one of the more tiresome fictional presences in recent memory.

The wheel-of-fortune theme is always potentially intriguing (Who's up? Who's down?), and the acting profession, with its embattled loyalties and ulcerous rivalries, is a better place than most to find it. Kazan, however, rarely trusts his material to stand on its own. He piles up absurdities, apparently hoping that someone will say, "I couldn't put it down." On one page Castleman kisses Sonny's hand, then "wallows" him across the face on the next.

Save for a few anecdotes about Marlon Brando, the novel skimps on backstage gossip and theatrical lore. One of Sonny's more probing thoughts about his profession is "Crap's better in an English accent." Maybe. Laurence Olivier reading *The Understudy* aloud might improve it, but not enough. ■ Paul Gray

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Centennial, Michener (1 last week)
- 2—The Seven-Per-Cent Solution, Meyer (3)
- 3—Something Happened, Heller (2)
- 4—The Pirates, Robbins (4)
- 5—Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy, le Carré (5)
- 6—Harlequin, West (6)
- 7—The Dogs of War, Forsyth (9)
- 8—Lady, Tryon (7)
- 9—The Ebony Tower, Fowles (8)
- 10—Jaws, Benchley (10)

NONFICTION

- 1—All Things Bright and Beautiful, Herriot (1)
- 2—The Palace Guard, Rather & Gates (2)
- 3—The Bermuda Triangle, Berlitz (4)
- 4—Tales of Power, Castaneda (3)
- 5—Strictly Speaking, Newman (5)
- 6—A Bridge Too Far, Ryan (6)
- 7—God and Mr. Gomez, Smith
- 8—The Memory Book, Lorraine & Lucas (10)
- 9—The Guinness Book of World Records 1975, McWhirter & McWhirter
- 10—The Woman He Loved, Martin (7)

Defensive D-Day

Art Rooney is a patient man. In the 42 years since he founded the Pittsburgh Steelers, Rooney has enjoyed only eleven seasons in which his team won more games than it lost. The Steelers have not earned a single N.F.L. championship. No other pro football team that has been around so long has produced so little. But for Rooney, now 73, success seems finally to have arrived. The Steelers are the new champions of the American Conference, and they are heading into Sunday's Super Bowl with an excellent chance to beat the Minnesota Vikings.

Pittsburgh's rendezvous with Minnesota was not exactly a surprise. The Steelers were undefeated in preseason play and, despite the fact that they took most of the fall to decide on their first-string quarterback, they entered the play-offs with a 10-3-1 record. Then, in the process of defeating Buffalo and Oakland to qualify for the Super Bowl, the Steelers really got their offense humming. Running Back Franco Harris remembered how to rumble through tacklers like a tank. Quarterback Terry Bradshaw recalled that he is, after all, No. 1 in Pittsburgh. During recent games, says Coach Chuck Noll, "Bradshaw has been masterful."

STEELER LINEBACKER JACK HAM



The Steelers' overpowering defense merits the same praise. Beginning six years ago with the drafting of Defensive Tackle "Mean" Joe Greene, Noll gradually put together the best defense in football. The Steelers' front four, the most ferocious in the league, flattened quarterbacks 52 times this season with their savage pass rush. The team's linebackers, led by bruising Jack Ham, are almost as intimidating. Against the powerful Raiders in the A.F.C. championship game, Pittsburgh yielded only 29 yds. in 21 running plays.

Impressive Horsepower. Pittsburgh will have to do every bit as well to contain scrambling Fran Tarkenton and the Vikings. In his 15th N.F.L. season, Tarkenton, 34, has lost little of his shifty speed and maneuverability. And this year, as last, he has impressive horsepower behind him, notably Running Backs Chuck Foreman and Dave Osborn. Foreman ran for 777 yds., caught 53 passes and scored 15 touchdowns (tops in the league) in helping the Vikings run up a 10-4 record. For the long bomb Minnesota has mercurial John Gilliam at wide receiver.

The Minnesota defense is equally menacing. With a veteran front line anchored by Tackle Alan Page and Defensive End Carl Eller, and a secondary that gave up only eight TD passes, the Vikings can be immovable. "We have the people to make it work," says Coach Bud Grant. "There are no tricks. Our pass rush depends on being a split second faster than the guys across the line."

The outcome of Sunday's game will depend largely on how successfully Pittsburgh can contain Tarkenton. When the Vikings' wily quarterback starts leading pass rushers on a mad chase around the backfield, pass coverage often breaks down. Moreover, if Tarkenton can scramble enough to tire the Steelers' pass rushers, they could become vulnerable to the run. Minnesota also has the advantage of experience; this is their second consecutive Super Bowl and the third in the past six years. They are hungry for their first win.

But will Tarkenton get loose? Odds-makers think not and rate the Steelers three-point favorites. Indeed, the score could end up 3-0 if both defenses play up to potential. An afternoon like that is not likely to satisfy the fans, but Art Rooney, for one, will not complain.

Best in the West

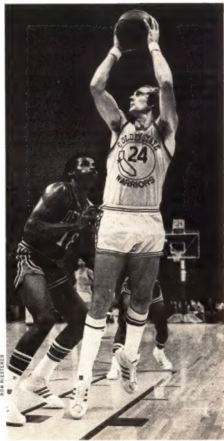
Sure losers. That is what the Golden State Warriors appeared to be when they reported to training camp last fall. In a preseason shake-up, the Warrior front office had traded Center Nate Thurmond to Chicago, sent Rebounder Clyde Lee to Atlanta, and lost Cazzie Russell to Los Angeles after the streak-

shooting forward had played out his option. The team's only returning star was Rick Barry, basketball's soldier of fortune who had played for three teams in two leagues in the past nine years.

Now, halfway through the season, the Warriors have a commanding lead in their division and the second-best record in the league and are play-off-bound. The main reason is Barry, who at 30 has emerged as the best forward in the N.B.A. As of last week, Barry was the leading scorer in the league (33.9 points a game), the second-best free-throw shooter (a .920 percentage) and the No. 2 ball thief (2.65 steals average). Barry was also among the top five playmakers, the only forward in a select group dominated by guards.

"I'm a perfectionist," says Barry, "I can't stand mediocrity." If being a one-man offense is perfection, Barry is indeed close to the mark. Tall enough (6 ft. 7½ in.) and heavy enough (220 lbs.) to hold his own against most rival forwards, Barry can torment opponents with a deadly outside jump shot or exceptionally quick moves to the basket. Already this season, he has scored more than 40 points in ten games. "I don't believe any one man can prevent me from scoring," he says. Because he has been so hot, he often draws double coverage,

WARRIORS' BARRY FIRING JUMP SHOT



SPORT

and that leaves teammates open for Barry's artful feeds.

Barry does not limit his work to scoring. On defense he is surprisingly tenacious; with a combination of anticipation and quick hands, he consistently disrupts opposition plays.

This year, for the first time, Barry is also captain of the Warriors, a job that he takes seriously. "Rick wanted it," says Coach Al Attles. "He pursued it, and once he won it, has worked hard making suggestions to younger players and serving as an example."

So far, the Attles-Barry leadership has paid off. The Warriors' new center, Clifford Ray, acquired in the deal for Thurmond, has been an outstanding defensive player and rebounder. Barry's teammate at forward is Rookie Keith ("Silk") Wilkes, a U.C.L.A. product who has retained all of his smooth college shooting skills. At the guard spots, Golden State has two solid ball handlers and playmakers in Butch Beard and Charles Johnson.

Barry has worked for a long time to become the game's premier forward. He took to the basketball court at age five to play against his older brother Dennis when the Barrys lived in Roselle Park, N.J. "I played all day every day in the summer," Rick recalls. "In the winter, I'd shovel snow off the court and even play at night." The practice earned him a scholarship at the University of Miami, where he led the nation in scoring his senior year.

After two years with the Warriors, Barry began the litigious odyssey that took him from contract to contract and courtroom to courtroom until he finally settled back with Golden State two years ago. Last year he joined the CBS crew to cover the N.B.A.'s play-off games. This year Barry and Golden State are likely to be on the court.

Catfish in Pin Stripes

Where has all the glory gone? New York Yankee fans have been asking that question for a decade as they watched the team that once dominated baseball wallow in mediocrity. Now some rescuers are on hand. Earlier this winter the Yankees acquired Bobby Bonds, potentially a superstar outfielder, from the San Francisco Giants in exchange for the steady Bobby Murcer. Last week in an even more dramatic—and promising—move, the team signed Pitcher Jim ("Catfish") Hunter, the self-liberated ace of the world champion Oakland A's. This time the price was not a player but a fortune.

The signing, which cost the Yankees a cool \$3 million for a five-year deal, ended the most extravagant bidding war in baseball history. The financial fireworks were set off three weeks ago when an arbitration panel ruled that Hunter, who won 25 games and the Cy Young Award in 1974, was a free agent. The reason: A's Owner Charles O. Finley had defaulted on part of Hunter's \$100,000-a-year contract. Instantly, Hunter's home town of Hertford, N.C., became the unlikely mecca for owners eager to place their bids. By early last week Hunter's lawyers had weighed the 24 offers and picked four top prospects: San Diego, Kansas City, Pittsburgh and Los Angeles.

Hunter's reaction: "What about the Yankees?" Clyde Klutz, the scout who



A JOLLY HUNTER AT YANKEE PRESS CONFERENCE
Baseball's most extravagant bidding war.

originally signed him ten years ago and has been a friend and hunting partner ever since, is now working for New York. "Clyde never lied to me then," says Hunter, "and he never lied to me now." Add to Klutz the appeal of the Yankee heritage ("Just walking into Yankee Stadium, the chills run through you," says Hunter) and other assorted blandishments, including a letter from Mayor Abe Beame. No wonder Catfish was intent on trading Oakland's mod pastels for New York's dignified pin stripes.

He got his wish on New Year's Eve after some frantic last-minute negotiations on the way to New York in a jet chartered by Edward Greenwald, a Yankee owner. The deal is unprecedented in a sport where a player contract for even two years is unusual. It assures Hunter a yearly income of \$150,000, plus a \$1.5 million bonus and a \$1 million life insurance policy. Hunter hardly seemed impressed. Immediately after signing, he flew back to Hertford so he could be there on New Year's day—the last day of the deer-hunting season.

MILESTONES

Born. To Geraldine Chaplin, 30, Sir Charles Chaplin's cinematress daughter (*Doctor Zhivago*, *The Three Musketeers*), and her lover of eight years, Spanish Film Director Carlos Saura, 43: their first child, a son; in Madrid. Name: Shane.

Married. Jess Thomas, 46, Wagnerian heldentenor of the Metropolitan Opera, and Argentine Publishing Heiress Violeta Rios, 29, who fell in love with Thomas' Tristan three years ago and pursued him for months, tossing roses onto the stage after his performances, until a mutual acquaintance introduced them; both for the second time; in Tiburon, Calif.

Died. Lalit Narayan Mishra, 51, India's Minister for Railways; during emergency surgery for wounds suffered in a bomb blast; in Patna, India (see TIME WORLD).

Died. Joseph J. Schwartz, 75, activist on behalf of Jewish refugees; in Manhattan. As director of the Joint Distribution Committee of the United Jewish Appeal before and during World War II, Schwartz traveled the periphery of Nazi-occupied Europe from Lisbon to Istanbul negotiating the release of threatened Jews, later helped hundreds of thousands of death-camp survivors reach Israel, Canada, Latin America or the U.S.

Died. Milton Cross, 77, radio announcer, whose sonorous voice became synonymous with opera; of an apparent heart attack; in Manhattan. Beginning Christmas Day, 1931, Cross announced Texaco's Metropolitan Opera performances from December to April for 43 years, intoning with hushed excitement countless Saturday afternoons, "The house lights are dimming, and in a few moments the Metropolitan's great golden curtain will rise."

Died. Colonel Edwin E. Aldrin Sr., 78, early aviator who made the first transatlantic dirigible round trip in the *Hindenburg*; in San Francisco. It was Aldrin's son and namesake who, on the Apollo 11 mission, became the second man to set foot on the moon.

Died. George H. Earle III, 84, New Deal Governor of Pennsylvania; of pneumonia; in Bryn Mawr. Scion of a wealthy Main Line Republican clan, Earle was so moved by the miseries of Depression-stricken workers, which he witnessed from the serving end of a breadline, that he joined F.D.R.'s Democratic Party, and as Governor of Pennsylvania (1935-39) pushed through a "little New Deal" of labor, tax and welfare reform, boasting, "We have let no one starve in Pennsylvania."

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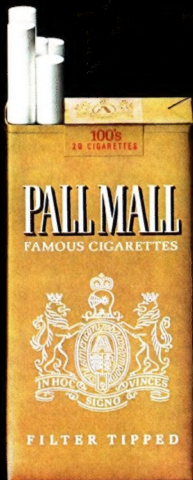
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